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By MARGUERITE FEDDEN

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BRISTOL VIGNETTES

Lady Lever Art Gallery

THE DINWIDDIE SISTERS
(Allan Ramsay, 1713–1784)

BRISTOL VIGNETTES

by

MARGUERITE FEDDEN

THE BURLEIGH PRESS
BRISTOL

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BRISTOL

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FOREWORD

THE MANSION HOUSE,
BRISTOL, 8.

The authoress, in these sketches of historical interest, has again shown her pride and love for her native city of Bristol.

Like her former book, "Bristol Bypaths," it is rich in colour, vitality and human interest.

It holds the reader from the first page to the last, and no one after reading through its pages could fail to have a better knowledge of the old city of Bristol, whether they are residents or visitors.

F. G. W. CHAMBERLAIN, J.P.
The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of Bristol.

I

The Three Kings' Chapel

Bristol has always been known as " the city of churches ", and has also been famous for its charities, too numerous to list ; in fact, a cynic once said Bristol was ' the most pauperised city in the kingdom ', but, of course, this does not hold good today.

The smallest church in the city is the 15th century ' Three Kings of Cologne ', at the top of Christmas Steps and attached to Foster's Almshouses.

Backing on the tiny church are six niche seats below a piece of ornamental masonry with an inscription telling of the steppering of the hill. Opposite are six similar niche seats. The seats are not much used now, but tradition says a miniature market was conducted here in olden time.

The masonry was water cleaned and restored to its pristine freshness after the Second World War.

The almshouses and chapel are in St. Michael's parish, and both were founded in 1483–1484 by John Foster.

Foster may not have been quite so important as William Canynges, nevertheless he was a man of great standing in Bristol—Bailiff, then Sheriff, then Mayor, and finally Member of Parliament in 1489.

A well-to-do salt merchant, he had rich lands at Cam, Slimbridge, and Arlyngton, in the Cotswolds.

The Three Kings of Cologne is possibly a unique dedication in this country.

What made worthy John choose it for his tiny church?

The answer is that he doubtless traded on the Continent, visited Germany, and reached Cologne, where, in the Cathedral Treasury, he must have seen the exquisite gold shrine which held the relics of the Three Kings. It is said this *chasse* is the most remarkable example of the medieval goldsmith's art extant.

And there he must have learnt how these relics came to Cologne in 1163.

The Three Kings were, of course the Magi or Wise Men who, guided by a star, came to do homage to our Lord when he was an infant, the same travellers from the East whom we honour at the time of the Epiphany.

Possibly they were Medes who followed the Zoroastrian cult of Persia. Some people identify them with the descendants of Noah's three sons, Japheth, Shem, and Ham.

Writing about them St. Bede says Melchior was King of Nubia and Arabia ; he had grey hair and a long beard, and was very old ; he offered gold in honour of Christ's Sovereignty. Kaspar was King of Tarsus and Egypt ; he was young and beardless, and offered frankincense in honour of Christ's Divinity. Balthazar was of very dark complexion with a large beard ; he came from Godolia and Saba, and offered myrrh in honour of Christ's Humanity.

Tradition says the Wise Men were baptized by the Apostle Philip.

St. Helena, mother of Constantine, had their remains (discovered in Persia) brought to Constantinople. In the fifth century they were taken to

THE THREE KINGS' CHAPEL

Milan, and they finally reached Cologne, their last resting place, in the middle of the 12th century.*

Foster's house was in Small Street—the tall gabled building is still to be seen—and he worshipped at St. Werburgh's at the corner of Corn and Small Streets.

St. Werburgh, or Walburga, was a favourite saint in the Middle Ages ; she was daughter of Woolfhere, the second Christian King of Mercia, in the seventh century. On tree-clad Henbury was also a chapel in her honour.

* Part of the relics were returned to Milan at the beginning of the century.

Put under the protection of Keynsham Abbey by an Earl of Gloucester, St. Werburgh's was well appointed and ornate.

Foster arranged to be buried there. Happily for his peace of mind he was many years dead when, in 1548, the church was stripped of its beautiful apparatus of worship.

In his will, dated August 6th, 1492, Foster made arrangements for the maintenance of his foundations.

The almshouse consisted of 14 rooms or chambers, and these were to accommodate eight poor men and four or five poor women ; also a priest who was to be paid £4 a year.

All the inmates were to have little gardens in which to grow vegetables, herbs, and flowers.

Pocket money for the inmates was 2d. a week, and all this was to continue for 40 years.

Instructions were left also for daily Mass in the chantry chapel, for 12 years, to be offered for John and his relatives.

As his wife Elizabeth had predeceased him, he made provision for his son Richard and his daughter-in-law Catherine ; if they died without children, however, the legacy was to pass to religious and charitable uses.

He left a house in Corn Street to a couple called Weston with the proviso that they must keep the Kings of Cologne in repair. He appointed as executors John Esterfield and John Walsh, and gave them £1 and a silver-gilt cup for their trouble.

As time goes on we find changes in the management of the place. Queen Elizabeth I conveys it to the Mayor and Corporation ; the religion becomes Church of England.

The pensioners must be English, at least 50 years old, and unmarried. Fireplaces and beds are provided, also a higher rate of pocket money.

In 1702 we find the men get two shirts every year, and the women two shifts. Both sexes get two pairs of shoes and stockings.

They get 4/– weekly and extra tips at Christmas (with half-a-ton of coal each). Money gifts are presented too, at Easter and Whitsuntide.

Each Wednesday the minister from St. Michael's has to read prayers for the inmates.

A great feature was the bell ringing ceremony on May 29th, "Oak Apple Day" to celebrate Charles II's escape from Worcester, also on November 5th to triumph over Guy Fawkes' fate.

The almshouses were later vested in the Charity Trustees of the city.

Sad to say the niches in the front of The Three Kings are denuded of their statues.

There is a statue of Foster on part of the almshouse building.

II

The English Spinster Visits Bristol

Mary Russell Mitford, born in 1787 at Alresford in Hampshire, was the only child of Dr. Mitford ; her mother, Mary Russell, was an heiress, 10 years older than her husband.

George Mitford had studied medicine in Edinburgh; he was a selfish, extravagant man—someone described him in his old age, as 'a detestable old humbug'. He lost his wife's money and would have reduced his family to penury had it not been for his scholarly daughter.

Nevertheless his wife and child adored him and made allowances for all his faults.

When Mary was 10 she drew a prize in a lottery ; she had insisted on Choosing No. 2224 because the digits added up to her age. The prize was £20,000.

On the strength of this, Dr. Mitford built a house at Reading and sent his daughter to a fashionable school in Knightsbridge where she read voraciously—and reluctantly learnt to play the harp.

By 1820 Dr. Mitford was " on the rocks " and the family moved to a glorified cottage at Three Mile Cross on the turnpike road to Basingstoke. This was Mary's home for 30 years and here she wrote her tragedies, poems, etc. The only luxury she allowed herself was her garden.

She was not prepossessing in appearance, as can be seen from Haydon's portrait, but she had a wonderful forehead and beautiful eyes.

Now financial stringency turned her to the more lucrative work of writing for magazines and she brought out some sketches of the countryside, which, in 1824, were collected into a book, ' Our Village '.

This book—a best seller—laid the foundations of a branch of literature hitherto unknown. These sketches of rural life were like Dutch paintings in their fidelity to detail, or like Bewick woodcuts in their charm and delicacy. It was praised by Charles Lamb, Mrs. Hemans, and Harriet Martineau, and Mrs. Browning called Mary a sort of prose Crabbe.

Distinguished visitors crowded to the cottage; passing coachmen and postboys pointed it out to travellers, and the plump little spinster became famous.

In 1830 Mrs. Mitford died and the whole responsibility of Dr. Mitford fell on Mary. He was ailing and exacting and the strain was great.

In 1837 a civil pension of £100 was granted to the authoress. Five years later Dr. Mitford died and his daughter determined his debts should be paid to the last penny. People thought so highly of her that a subscription for this was quickly collected.

Now Mary was free to get about a little and she came West and stayed in Milsom Street, Bath. She had been to Bath before and was so terrified of Box Tunnel that she had got off the train and come the distance in a fly.

But in May 1843 she was braver and faced it.

Writing to her friend, Miss Harrison, she says : ' I arrived here [Bath] very ill but am getting better and only overwhelmed with friends' kindness . . . I am going now up to Prior Park to Vespers.

'I spent the whole of last Friday there. I was so charmed with the place and the people, Bishop Baines and his secretary, that I cannot resist going to confirm the impression and increase my acquaintance with these very interesting persons.

'On Tuesday I go to Clifton for a week. No. 11 Sion Row, Clifton, Bristol, will be my address.'

Later she says: 'Certainly I have seen much that is worth the journey—the new steamship, the *Great Britain*, over which I was escorted by the chief engineer; Chatterton's fine old church, Mr. Landor's pictures and Mr. Barker's.' [These pictures must have been in Bath.]

Again she writes: 'Of Bath, its buildings and scenery, I had heard much good; of Bristol, its dirt and its dinginess, its ugliness, much evil. Shall I confess—dare I confess—that I was charmed with the old city? . . .

'The tall picturesque dwellings with their quaint gables, the wooden houses in Wine Street, one of which was brought from Holland bodily [the Dutch House blitzed in the last war] . . . the courts and lanes climbing like ladders up the steep aclivities, the hanging gardens, said to have been given by Queen Elizabeth to the washerwomen (everything has a tradition in Bristol), the bustling quays, the crowded docks, the calm, silent Dowry Parade with its trees growing up between the pavement like the close of a cathedral.

'The Avon flowing between those two exquisite boundaries—the richly tufted Leigh Woods clothing the steep hillside and the grand and lofty St. Vincent's Rocks with houses perched upon the summits that

looked ready to fall upon our heads ; the airy line of the chain that swung from tower to tower of the intended Suspension Bridge with its basket hanging in mid-air like the car of a balloon making one dizzy to look at it, formed an enchanting picture.

'I know nothing in the English landscape so lovely and so striking as that bit of the Avon beyond the Hotwells when the tide is in, the ferry boat crossing, and some fine American ship steaming up the river.'

In another letter she wrote : " On Thursday I went to Clifton and prefer Bristol to Bath for its colour and its variety of street architecture—which I suppose is a great heresy ! '

When she returned to Three Mile Cross she wrote :

'June 1843. I am delighted with my journey, places and people, though Bath is a disappointment [we must remember that the peak of Bath's popularity as a social centre had declined in the 40's of the last century] and Clifton leaves all the beauty behind at the Hotwells* . . . but Bath leaves few and faint impressions. Bristol, on the other hand, is warm, glowing, picturesque.

At Bath I was forced to follow about shadows . . . at Bristol I trod in the footsteps of Coleridge, Southey, Chatterton.'

In 1851 the English spinster moved to Swallowfield ; she lived there for four years, where she died, aged 68, and was buried in the village churchyard.

But " Our Village " has become a classic and will be read as long as the English language exists.

* This opinion might be because people regretted the building of a suburb where a village had been.

III

Bristol Statues

There are few statues in Bristol if one compares the number with those of London and other big cities, proportionally. Nevertheless we have nearly a dozen—some good and others not so good—and passers-by may like a few details about them.

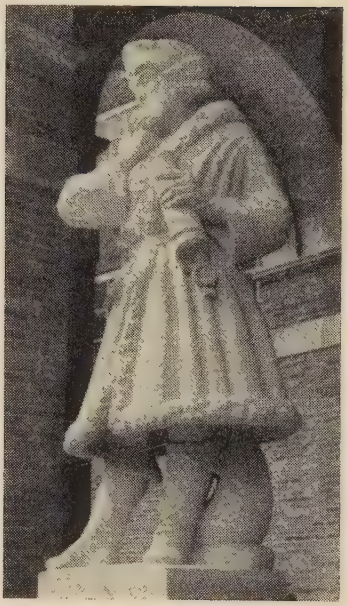
Pride of place must be given to the weather-worn one of Charles II, now on a wall in the Guildhall courtyard. The king was crowned and in royal robes, with orb and sceptre. The date is 1666.

At one time it was in front of the Old Council House. In 1825 it stood in a niche at the Guildhall. It was moved from fronting Broad Street in 1843. Tradition says that one of Charles' lady friends said it looked more like a clumsy porter than a crowned monarch. Unfortunately the statue is in a very bad state.

Then we have Neptune—' that mythological personage ', as one of the City Fathers called him. The god of the sea is in lead with his trident and fish, and was first set up in 1723 in the Temple parish. The founder was probably Rendall. Neptune has been moved a few times and is now at The Bridgehead of the Floating Harbour. His connection with the Armada is a myth mooted in 1824.

The equestrian statue of William III in Queen Square is probably Michael Rysbrack's masterpiece. Rysbrack came from Antwerp to London in 1720

QUEEN VICTORIA STATUE



THE TUDOR SAILOR
(depicting John Cabot)

and sculptured many celebrities, including Newton, Locke and the Duke of Marlborough. He received £1,800 for " King William on his copper horse ' ; it is of bronze in reality and was set up in 1736. During the last war it was sent to Badminton for safety, though one of our worthies was heard to say : " Tip it in the Floating 'Arbour for all I care.'

The plaster statues, painted bronze, outside St. Mary's-on-the-Quay have been there a long time and are visible from the road—above the double stone stairway and platform.

They are Baroque and once stood inside the church.

St. Peter holds his keys and brings Milton's "Lycidas" to mind :

"The Pilot of the Galilean lake
Two massy keyes he bore of metals twain
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)."

St. Paul holds the sword of his martyrdom and raises his right hand. If anyone is old enough to remember Wembley Exhibition, they will recall the statue of St. Paul outside the Catholic Chapel there. He pointed towards Heaven. It was rather unfortunate that a balloon was just overhead with the legend 'Read John Bull'.

Sir Charles Wetherell's statue is in the garden of the Red Lodge ; it used to be in Wetherell Place, Clifton. He was, of course, the Recorder of Bristol during the 1831 riots and had to escape for his life from the rioters.

The rather dull statue of Samuel Morley, M.P. for Bristol for 18 years, is on the Horsefair roundabout. It used to stand near Bristol Bridge.

Morley was a philanthropist and when he died in 1886 it was decided to erect a white marble statue of him. Five thousand persons contributed and the sculptor was Bristol-born Harvard Thomas. It was unveiled by Sir J. Weston on October, 27th, 1887.

Queen Victoria's statue, now happily restored to College Green, was commissioned as a memorial of her Golden Jubilee in 1887. The sculptor was Sir J. S. Boehm. Prince Albert Victor (later the Duke of Clarence), her grandson, unveiled it on July 25th, 1888.

The Queen, in white marble, wears a small crown

and a lovely head veil of lace which sweeps down over her dress. An embroidered petticoat is disclosed in front ; she holds a sceptre in one hand and an orb in the other, and wears the ribbon of the Garter. Unfortunately the steps which gave dignity to the statue and the railings which protected it, and the lovely trees which shaded it, are gone.

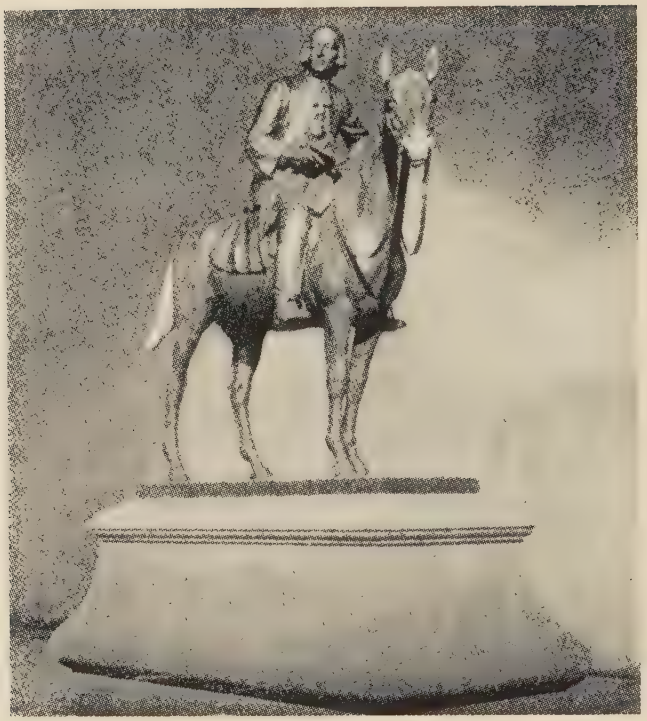
In 1894, the bronze statue on a granite plinth of Edmund Burke (1729–1795) was unveiled in Colston Avenue. It is a replica of Burke's statue in St. Stephen's Hall at the Houses of Parliament, and was given by W. D. Wills, later Lord Winterstoke ; the statue was unveiled by Lord Rosebery. As the weather was bad, the assembled company adjourned to the Colston Hall for his speech. During the last war the plinth was damaged in the blitz.

The statue of Edward Colston, philanthropist (1636–1721) also stands in Colston Avenue. It shows him in musing attitude, a stick is in one hand—the other to his cheek. The inevitable dolphins are at each corner of the plinth.

Plaques below are on three sides. One depicts the astonished sailors finding a dolphin had plugged a hole in the leaking ship with its body so that the vessel came safely into port.

John Cassidy was the sculptor and it cost about £800, contributed by citizens. Mayor W. H. Davies (later knighted) unveiled it on November 13th, 1895 —Colston's Day.

In front of the Victoria Rooms we have the Gloucestershire Regiment statue put up as a memorial to the Glosters who gave their lives in the South African War of 1899–1902.



JOHN WESLEY

It was designed by Onslow Whiting, and shows a young soldier, in old-fashioned helmet, stepping forward with fixed bayonet—some say he is on the wrong foot.

A magnificent block of granite forms the plinth and is inscribed with the Roll of Honour, This memorial was set up by "All Ranks" of the seven battalions of the regiment.

Henry Poole designed the statue of Edward VII in Garter robes, just before the Victoria Rooms.

This statue with the fountains in front was a favourite subject for American soldiers to photograph when they were in Bristol. The king stands eight feet six inches high. The royal arms are in front of the plinth and those of Bristol on the reverse. It was set up about 1912 and, with the fountains, cost about £12,000, subscribed by citizens.

In 1933 the charming equestrian statue of John Wesley was put up in the courtyard of the New Room in Broadmead. It was sculptured by A. G. Walker, A.R.A. During the war it was carefully boxed and sandbagged ; in 1945 it came out of its blast-proof box. A bronze statue of Wesley's brother Charles, faces the Haymarket. The sculptor was Brook Hitch. It was unveiled in 1939.

The Tudor sailor in front of the New Council House shows a swaying figure supported by a dolphin. In one hand he holds a charter from Henry VII (for the sculptor, Charles Wheeler of London, says he is meant to be John Cabot) and from his waist suspends an astrolabe (an instrument for measuring the altitude of the sun or stars). The statue cost £2,000.

IV

The Dinwiddie Tablet

During the last war, American soldiers were frequently seen in Park Place, Clifton, looking at and sometimes photographing the plaque mounted on a queer-shaped stone which had been set up in honour of Col. Henry Washington, of Civil War fame.

The plaque is now removed to the precincts of the Museum and Art Gallery.

Perhaps, if they had known of it, the G.I.s would have been equally interested in a memorial tablet in the entrance to Clifton Parish Church. This church was blitzed on that awful Sunday evening in November 1940, when so much of Bristol was destroyed. The congregation were caught and had to shelter below in the crypt until that became too dangerous.

Some of the numerous tablets on the wall of the church were interesting—naval and military men who, having served their country, returned to end their days in "salubrious Clifton"—actors, Colonial administrators, clergymen, artists, and others.

All these tablets were destroyed save one, perhaps the most important of them all.

It was that of Robert Dinwiddie. His chief claim to fame is that he gave George Washington his first chance, thus bringing the future first President of the U.S.A. to the notice of the world.

It was during the French and Indian wars, when

Photo: G. W. Hunt

THE DINWIDDIE MEMORIAL

Dinwiddie was Governor of Virginia and America was still a British colony. The date was 1753.

Washington belonged to the regiment commanded by Col. Joseph Fry, and for which the Virginia Association had provided funds.

Dinwiddie ordered the young soldier to recruit 100 men and to go and contact the French and demand them to withdraw from the Ohio region, where, with alarm, he had learned that they had erected a fort on French Creek and claimed the territory.

He knew if the French succeeded in their designs the English would be cut off from the entire western country.

Washington set out on his hazardous mission and accomplished it, returning with the reply and his journal to Williamsburg. He and his men had had narrow escapes from death. From this time the intrepid young soldier never looked back.

This war developed into the Seven Years' War, in which Great Britain and France fought for supremacy in America. They also fought in Asia.

It ended after the victory of Wolfe in Canada and the expulsion of the French from most of India.

The victor country was, however, left with heavy responsibilities and debts. Peace came with the Treaty of Paris in 1763.

Dinwiddie was a figure of great importance during this time, and his career as a Colonial administrator was marked throughout by vision, attention to detail, and untiring energy. He had set up forts in the Ohio Valley and had placated the Indians with rich gifts.

Unfortunately, in fulfilling his duty, he antagonised

members of the House of Burgesses in his administration by insisting on the observance of law in the acquisition and holding of land.

This possibly helped to precipitate the American War of Independence a score of years later.

This brilliant man, as his name indicates, was a Scotsman ; he was the son of a merchant. He was born at Germiston, Glasgow, in 1693.

As soon as the boy was old enough he went into his father's counting house. Later he became a collector of Customs in Bermuda and, in 1730, he was placed on the regular establishment with the munificent salary of £30 a year !

In 1738 he was made Surveyor-General for the southern part of America, with jurisdiction over the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Bahama Islands, and Jamaica.

Visiting Barbados, he uncovered many frauds in the revenues, and this made him unpopular with the sugar planters.

In 1743 he appeared before the Lords of the Treasury to explain a plan for collecting the duty on Colonial sugar. Two years previously he had taken his seat in the Council of Virginia, and ten years later was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Virginia.

In 1757, Dinwiddie asked Pitt to let him come to Bath for a rest, as his constant exertions had told upon his health. He was allowed to do so.

He died in his 78th year in Clifton on July 27th, 1770, and the monument in the parish church was set up by his wife, Rebecca Affleck, and his two daughters. It is of marble above and slate below.

Its inscription, which is in the dignified, if fulsome, style of the eighteenth century, is as follows :

'In this Church are deposited the remains of Robert Dinwiddie Esq., formerly Governor of Virginia who deceased July 27th, 1770, in the 78th year of his age.

'The Annals of that Country will testify with what Judgement, Activity and Zeal he exerted himself in the Publick Cause when the whole North American Continent was involved in a French and Indian War.

'His rectitude of conduct in his Government and integrity in other publick employment add a lustre to his character which was revered while he lived and will be held in estimation whilst his name survives. His more private virtues and the amiable social qualities he possessed were the happiness of his friends and numerous relations, many of whom shared his bounty. All lament his loss.

'As his happy disposition for domestic life were best known to his affectionate wife and daughters, they have erected this monument to the memory of his conjugal and paternal love, which they will ever cherish and revere with that piety and tenderness he so greatly merited.

'Farewell blest shade no more with grief opprest
Propitious angels guide thee to thy rest.'

Sad to say when the church was demolished this beautiful tablet was thrown among the rubble in the Crypt, where were also the tombs of Colonel Brereton and Mayor Pinney, who held authority during the Bristol riots of 1831.

V

St. Anne's Well

' Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes.'

CHAUCER WAS RIGHT! SPRING IS CERTAINLY THE time ' to goon on pilgrimages ' and in the Middle Ages our city was a great place for pilgrims to go and come. They embarked from the second port of the kingdom for the Holy Land, Rome, St. James of Compostela and Cologne.

And many pilgrims came to our city to pray at the shrines in it.

Among those coming to Bristol were pilgrims to St. Anne's in the Wood—the shrine and holy well. Mr. F. C. Jones, in his delightful book " The Glory that was Bristol ", says : ' Of all local medieval wells that called St. Anne's Well at Brislington was unrivalled for pageantry.'

The well was not far from the river bank and the chapel some little distance away. The wooded valley must have been a lovely spot especially in spring when the bluebells and other flowers were out. Indeed, it is still lovely.

It is uncertain when the chapel was built—probably in the twelfth or thirteenth centuries—but in 1392 John Beket left a legacy to " Sir Richard ", the

warden and, presumably, a Canon of Keynsham Abbey.

In 1491 Maud Esterfeld, a merchant's wife, left a ring of gold ' to the chapel of St. Anne's by Bristol, co. Somerset.'

William Wyrcestre, 1415–1484, son of a Bristol burgess, who travelled about and chronicled, visited the shrine in 1482, taking measurements.

He said the chapel had been built by the Lords de la Warr (they held the manor of Brislington from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries), that it was 19 virgas (an old word for a linear measure, equal to a rod, pole or perch) long and five virgas broad, and that it had 19 buttresses. He described the two huge candles renewed each year at Pentecost by the Cordwainers and Weavers, the 13 smaller ones in front of St. Anne's image, the 32 ships and little ships hanging up, and the five silver ships for incense and offerings.

Leland, 1506–1552, Henry VIII's travelling antiquary, visiting Bristol, wrote : ' St. Anne's ferrye is about a myle and halfe above the towne of Brightstowe ', and again, "A two miles above Bristowe was a Commune Trajeetus by bote, where was a Chapelle of St. Anne on the same side of Avon that Bath stondith on, and heere was great pilgrimage to St. Anne.'

But by the time this was written, Keynsham Abbey had been dissolved and consequently the shrine had no custos, fell into disrepair and was later used as a pottery. The well became a washing pool for sheep and its crystal-clear, cold water—good for purifying the blood—was used for scrubbing the floor of a nearby cottage.

But in its heyday, St. Anne's almost equalled Walsingham, for in his denunciation of pilgrimages Latimer coupled them together.

Royalty, nobles, and the great from all over England and the Continent flocked there. Ordinary folk, too, came from Bristol by pilgrims' boat or the ferry from Blackswarth.

Henry VII visited Bristol 1485, and 'in the morne when the King had dyned he roode on pilgrimage to St. Anne's.'

His queen, Elizabeth of York, came a few years later, before the birth of Prince Arthur, and her almoner left an offering.

The Duke of Buckingham, who built Thornbury Castle, came twice and left offerings. Sailors were numerous at the shrine, for St. Anne was patroness of sailors, ports and harbours. Even recently the Brittany onion boys came and said a prayer there.

Devotion to St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, prevailed in the East in the Fourth Century. After the schism it spread to France (Provence) and St. Anne became patroness of Brittany being specially venerated at Notre Dame d'Auray in the Vannes diocese where *pardons* were held. French sailors carried the cult to Canada, where is the glorious shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré.

From the Holy Land, St. Anne's relics were brought to Apt, near Avignon, and, from the time Charlemagne celebrated his victory over the Saracens, the devotion to the Saint grew.

In 1378 the Archbishops of Canterbury and York appealed to Urban VI to raise St. Anne's feast (July 26th) in dignity as an English festival.

In 1880 Father Ignatius Grant, S. J., of St. Mary's-on-the-Quay, who was greatly interested in Bristol's ecclesiastical antiquities, supervised the examination of the well ; he was assisted by an ancestor of Mr. F. C. Jones. They found half groats of Edward IV and Henry VII, a Portuguese coin, and some " abbey tokens " thrown in, the last to prove the presence of the pilgrim.

But after a time the well got in a neglected state again and was filled with rubbish and frequented by frogs.

In 1889 there was a lawsuit (Sinnott v. Tuckett) about the three main pilgrims' routes which had been barred to the public. Judgement was for the Foot-paths Preservation Society and the paths were again free to the people.

When the First World War was over, and after prolonged agitation, the corporation took over the land, and the owner, the late Mr. James Sinnott, gave the well also.

On June 16th, 1924, a distinguished company was present at the handing over. Dom Ethelbert Horne, O.S.B., the Downside Abbey antiquary, spoke and as Mr. F. C. Jones says in his book : ' Thus again for the first time for generations the voice of a priest was publicly raised aloud in the Wood, on the site where pilgrims had been wont to gather to drink the Holy water 400 years before . . . History had repeated itself.'

VI

Cobbett Takes Bristol in his Stride

'As to the seat of the city and its environs, it surpasses all that I ever saw.' Thus wrote Cobbett of Bristol in his ' Rural Rides ', and he had travelled much—in America, France, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

William Cobbett was an extraordinary man—few such characters are thrown up in a century—outspoken, egotistical, inflammatory, opinionated with violent likes and dislikes, a master of invective, in fact, a firebrand.

At the same time he was kind hearted, sympathetic, full of ideals, enthusiastic for the underdog, and determined to right wrongs, and he had an outstanding native force of character which enabled him to educate himself by reading and study.

Carlyle described him as ' the pattern John Bull of the century ' and he certainly looked like John Bull with his curly hair, thick eyebrows, characteristic nose, and heavy jowl.

He was the son of a small farmer, who was a man of high principle, and he was born at Farnham in Surrey in 1763.

From scaring crows he rose to be a ploughman, and to the end of his days took a keen interest in the land and agriculture.

When he was twenty a sudden freak took him to London with half a crown in his pocket. He purchased

Dean Swift's *Tale of a Tub* for threepence and ' devoured ' it in Kew Gardens. One of the gardeners, seeing he needed help, gave him food and shelter. Soon young William got a job in an attorney's office in Grays Inn as a copy writer and stayed for nine months, but he was restless and decided to enlist as a soldier at Chatham.

Drafted to Nova Scotia in the 54th Regiment, he won golden opinions from his officers, and studied every minute of his spare time.

Honourably discharged from the Army, he returned home in 1792 and married a soldier's daughter, Ann Reid, but almost immediately he escaped to France (St. Omer) from a court martial on three of his late officers whom he had accused of peculation.

Now he thought it wise to go to America where he taught English to French refugees.

He was a strong supporter of the British Government, so after a time the place got too hot for him.

In 1800 he returned to England and started the *Political Register*, a Tory journal. All the time Cobbett was writing essays and pamphlets. But he did not believe in ' the vice of consistency ' and four years later he developed into the uncompromising champion of Radicalism.

He settled at Botley in Hampshire and farmed as well as doing editing. His strictures on the flogging of militia men by German mercenaries got him two years in Newgate.

In 1817 he returned to America, but came home after two years and stood for Parliament ; he was not elected till 1832 (three years before his death) and his constituency was Oldham. Cobbett took the part of

Queen Caroline ; he wrote *State Trials*, and also *Directions to Sergeant Majors and Orderlies* with admirable humour and grave irony in the style of Swift's *Advice to Servants*.

He compiled *Advice to Young Men* and after reading Lingard's *History of England*, he produced his famous *History of the Protestant Reformation*, with a new angle from the hitherto accepted one, and he originated Hansards.

London to him was 'the Great Wen' and he inveighed against what he called 'The Thing'—a system of privilege and corruption.

But perhaps the best known and most readable of his works was *Rural Rides*. He loved Nature and was at his best as a descriptive writer.

With one of his sons he rode about the country, starting in 1821. He wanted to find out the true condition of the people, about the tithe question and the plurality of livings. These horseback journeys continued, with breaks, for eleven years.

Coming West, he visited our city in 1825. He wrote :—'But never shall I see another place to interest me and so pleasing to me as Bristol and its environs, taking the whole together. A good and solid and wealthy city, and people of plain and good manners, private virtue and public spirit united. No empty noise and no insolence, no flattery ; men very much like the Yorkers and Lancastrians and as to the seat of the city and its environs it surpasses all that I ever saw.

'A great commercial city in the midst of cornfields, meadows, and woods, and the ships coming into the centre of it (miles from anything like the sea)—up a

narrow river passing between two clefts of rock, probably a hundred feet high, so that from the top of these clefts you *look down* upon the main top gallant mast of lofty ships that are gliding along.'

Cobbett had American newspapers brought by merchant ships to Bristol Post Office. At first he paid half a guinea a packet, but charges rose to about six guineas : he felt the Treasury would like to burn these journals but if they did, he reflected, they would lose approximately ten guineas a year.

In July 1830, Cobbett came to Bristol to lecture. One Saturday night he was speaking to ' a numerous and most respectable audience ' when the death of George IV was announced. The lecturer was due in Bath to speak the following Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, but under the circumstances he deemed it would not be proper to proceed there for that purpose until after the Royal Funeral.

' When that had taken place I shall as soon as may be return to Bath.'

Cobbett did not approve of Bath (a very different place from what it now is). He said Bath, like London, was a Wen and the produce of the country was carried to both cities to be devoured by idlers, thieves, prostitutes, and tax-eaters (a favourite word of his). Bath, he said, was the place absentee parsons went to show off their daughters. Cheltenham, with its white tenements and green balconies, he classed with Bath for it was inhabited by tax-eaters—in other words, persons not gainfully employed.

Cobbett died in 1835 and was buried at his birthplace.

VII

The Industry of Emma Marshall

IT IS WELL OVER HALF A CENTURY SINCE EMMA MARSHALL the Bristol authoress, died. It was spring 1899 when she lay in her last illness, the uncorrected proofs of her unfinished book lying on the table.

And this story was the last of more than 200 written by her in 69 years.

Woodside, Leigh Woods, was the house where Mrs. Marshall ended her days. Wild flowers were brought for her from one of the tollkeepers of the Suspension Bridge, and as she bent over the bunch she sent him a message to say she would never cross the bridge again. It was true, for soon she was laid to rest in Long Ashton churchyard, where her husband followed her three months later.

Not many, perhaps, are still living who enjoyed Emma's Bristol tales in the last years of the nineteenth century.

There were *In Colston's Days*, featuring the great philanthropist ; *Under the Mendips*, touching on the Bristol riots ; *The Tower on the Cliff*, telling the legend of Cook's Folly ; and *The Two Swords*, dealing with the Civil War and the time of the Plague when survivors went across the Downs to get food at ' Pitch and Pay '.

Now a charming little book came from Emma's pen called *Bristol Diamonds*, which described the life at Hotwells in the eighteenth century, when the beaux

and belles paraded Dowry Square, drank the waters at the Pump Room, and made love and danced, while the dowagers played cards or talked scandal on their gilt rout seats at the assemblies.

Followed *Bristol Bells*, introducing the boy-poet Chatterton.

Next she went further afield and wrote *Her Season in Bath*, a story woven round the celebrities of the sister city—the Herschels, Sheridan, and the Linleys. *Under Salisbury Spire* concerned George Herbert. *Winchester Meads* revolved round Bishop Ken, and *On the Banks of the Ouse* featured Cowper.

Emma's stories had a high moral tone, and though they were simple and unsophisticated, they were often absorbing, and people quickly purchased them, whether cloth-bound and illustrated, or in shilling paper-covered editions.

Mrs. Marshall was a grand *raconteuse* when she liked; she had plenty of practice with her children in the old-fashioned 'Children's Hour.' She appeared to turn out stories like sausages from a machine. Her talent was for getting hold of some dim legend or incident and glamourizing it and weaving a story round it.

She had the knack, too, of catching the charm and aroma of a vanished time. This meant research and investigation, and she would go to Penshurst to see Philip Sidney's home, and to Mortlake to view Colston's grave.

Her daughter tells us in her biography that she would retire to her room to write, locking herself in. At luncheon time she would appear with a pleased face announcing that her pen had been "flying like Pegasus . . ."

Often she worked late into the night, her lamp close to her manuscript, her small hand scurrying over sheet after sheet.

A bit of an opportunist, she missed no chance of advertising her books ; she pulled strings, wrote to important people, and had copies of her books bound in white and silver to present to brides.

Once she had a copy of her Christopher Wren story, *Under the Dome of St. Paul's* specially bound for a Royal personage. Incidentally, she was extremely annoyed when a reviewer described the said book as reading for juveniles.

One could not blame Mrs. Marshall for advertising her wares, for she had a large family to educate and place in the world—there were Hugh, Cyril, Douglas, Lucy, Edith, Beatrice, and Christabel.

The authoress was very human, and sometimes in her letters to Messrs. Seeley and Co., her publishers, we find ' digs ' at other authors. She thought Mrs. Lynn Lynton ' detestable on George Elliot '. She was ' delighted Hall Caine was getting his deserts in most of the notices of *The Christian* '.

Emma was the daughter of Simon Martin, a partner in Gurney's Bank, Norwich ; her mother, Hannah Ransome, was of Quaker extraction. The child was born at Northrepps Hill House, in 1830, and educated in Norwich under the shadow of the Cathedral.

As a girl she revelled in Cathedrals, and in the correspondence with Longfellow, to whom she had written after reading *Evangeline*, he refers to this passion of hers, hinting at her maiden name.

' This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet.'

At 19 Emma was brought to Clifton by her mother, now widowed, and introduced into Clifton Society by Dr. Addington Symonds.

She met a young bank clerk, Hugh Graham Marshall, son of the vicar of Christchurch, and after opposition and a long engagement she married him in 1854.

After a short Continental honeymoon, the young couple returned to a little house in Hampton Park. After a year they moved to Wells.

Her first story came out in 1861, and from that time she worked steadily.

After a few years at Exeter, bank changes called Mr. Marshall to Gloucester. In 1879 the bank failed and he was involved in liabilities.

Now Emma wrote more than ever, working at white heat to pay off her husband's debts.

They moved to Bristol in 1882, where they stayed 17 years.

When in Switzerland in 1891 she wrote delightedly to her publishers : ' In a shop at Vevey yesterday I bought *Les Diamants de Bristol* recit de 1778, traduit librement de l'Anglais. But though there is a very pretty preface the translator gives no name.'

Obviously, Mrs. Marshall ! Pirates don't label themselves.

In old age Emma is pictured in a black gown with leg o' mutton sleeves and guipure trimming. Her pince nez depends from a brooch, she wears a boa, and a lace cap is perched on her smooth hair. Sad eyes, which were once bright blue, look out from a pale face.

Canon Ainger was the leading spirit in setting up a

brass to Emma in Bristol Cathedral. Appropriately it was put near Colston's window, and is inscribed :

'Author of *In Colston's Days* and other stories. A lover of good men, and herself a follower of their faith and patience, she strove by her writings to make others love them.'

VIII

The Perdita Story

ACCORDING TO JOSEPH LEECH, IN HIS TALE *The Queen and the Washerwomen—a legend of Brandon Hill*, Queen Elizabeth I, who visited Bristol in August 1574, made the following remark to the Mayor :

' By the bones of my father, Mr. Mayor, but I protest I never saw so ugly a collection of women as your worshipful city can assemble on a gala occasion to give welcome to their Sovereign.'

Whether this story be truth or fiction we cannot vouch, but certainly if the Tudor queen could revisit us she would have another tale to tell, for the young women of our city are comely, smart and well-groomed and have a certain dignity and poise which is most attractive. But beauty may have its snares and dangers.

Take the case of a Bristol beauty, Mary Darby, who was born in the Minster House (long demolished) in College Green on November 27th, 1758.

Her face was a perfect oval, her eyes large, her nose straight—she had a swan neck and a perfect figure which showed to advantage when she wore masculine attire on the stage. For Mary Darby became an actress, and was known to the world as Mary Robinson, or ' Perdita '.

Her loveliness was remarkable. She was painted by Zoffany, Romney, Cosway, Hoppner and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and who has not admired the

portrait of her with a white fox dog by Gainsborough in the Wallace collection ?

The girl's father was the skipper of a Bristol whaler —he claimed descent from the famous Irish family of McDermott. Her mother, Miss Seys, had Welsh associations, and was also related to Philosopher Locke.

A psychiatrist might say the child's character was adversely affected by the kind of education she was given—she seemed to be pushed about from pillar to post.

First she went to the Misses More's school in Park Street, and there, at least, she must have imbibed morality. Then to a school in Chelsea, where the clever but erratic headmistress had bouts of drunkenness. Followed a period at a Battersea school.

Meanwhile her home had been broken up. Captain Darby, who had been born in America, embarked on a rather risky adventure ; he went to Labrador to whale. Mrs. Darby, who had a timid nature, would not accompany him.

In Bristol she found herself in financial difficulties so went to London and opened a girls' school and fetched Mary to help her.

At 13, Mary had a proposal of marriage from a naval officer, who thought she was 16, and this must have turned her head.

When Captain Darby returned he broke up Mrs. Darby's school and sent his daughter to a finishing school in Marylebone. There she met a dancing master through whom she had an introduction to Garrick.

The great actor was struck by her appearance, and

asked her to play Cordelia to his Lear. But her appearance on the stage was deferred for some time, for her mother married her off to an articled clerk called Robinson, who was looked upon as a man of means.

The couple were married at St. Martin's Church, but Robinson eventually turned out to be a scoundrel.

For two years Mary lived a fashionable life, neglected by her husband and receiving compromising attentions from Lord Lyttleton and other rakes.

Now she had to share her husband's imprisonment for debt in King's Bench prison. A daughter had been born to her and she occupied her time looking after the child and writing verse.

The Duchess of Devonshire became her literary patroness, and when Mary came out of prison she got in touch with Sheridan and again with Garrick, and thus was able to make her debut at Drury Lane in 1776, as Juliet ; she was just eighteen.

For four years she played in Shakespearean and other productions. ' Winter's Tale ' was given by Royal Command and Mary was billed as Perdita. The young Prince of Wales (later the Regent) saw her and fell madly in love with her ; he sent her a letter signed ' Florizel ' and anyone knowing the play of ' Winter's Tale ' would realize what that meant.

A correspondence followed and eventually the Prince met her at Kew, signing a bond to give her £20,000 when he came of age.

Mary was now installed in a house in Cork Street as Royal mistress.

The King was greatly distressed at his heir's conduct, and offered £5,000 to get back his love letters.

After a time the Prince transferred his affections to another, and Mary was discarded. The £20,000 was not paid and she found herself financially embarrassed; so Fox managed to obtain £500 a year for her.

Knowing that after her behaviour she would not be received well on the stage she went to Paris where she became known as *La belle Anglaise*.

Philippe of Orleans paid her attention, but she repulsed him. This must have pleased Marie Antoinette for she gave the Englishwoman a purse she had netted herself.

For many years Mary had a friendship with a handsome officer, Col. Banistre Tarleton. When he was in money difficulties she travelled a long journey to try to help him. This affected her health, and both her legs became paralysed.

She longed to return to Bristol and to take the cure at the Hotwells, but could not afford to do so, and no one would help her.

She died at Englefield, Surrey, on December 26th, 1800, and was buried in Old Windsor churchyard. She was only 42.

Her autobiography, edited by her devoted daughter, is in the Bristol Library.

Mary gives a sentimentalised account of her life and makes excuses for her conduct. Some of her writings are attached for she was a prolific writer of verse and plays. In fact, she was called ' The English Sappho '.

The Lost One, by Marguerite Steen, is a book depicting the life of Mrs. Robinson.

In reviewing the actress's life one is left with the impression that she was more sinned against than sinning, and that any censure must be mingled with pity.

IX

Pepys Comes to Bristol

'I am resolved to see the Bath and, it may be, Bristol.' Pepys' Diary, June 11th, 1668.

THE EGREGIOUS MR. PEPYS OWED TO A BRISTOL MAIDEN (or 'girle' as he called her) one of the periodical upheavals in his family life.

It was not the girl's fault, but due to his roving eye.

The 'girle', Deborah Willet, was born in Marsh Street of respectable parents. Her uncle, Mr. Butts, was 'a sober merchant, very good company, and so like one of our sober, wealthy London merchants as pleased me mightily . . . His wife a good woman and so sober and substantial as I was never more pleased anywhere.' Yes, Deb was of solid Bristol stock. Her parents dying, she was sent to London to the care of a stylish aunt, Mrs. Hunt, who lived in Jewin Street—fifteen minutes' walk from the Pepys's house in Seething Lane.

For about eight years Deb was at school in Bow, then a village near London where citizens, who had lost their homes in the Fire, came to live. She developed into a charming, modest girl and at fifteen was very beautiful—sedate and small, with dark chestnut hair parted in the middle and tied with ribbons, deep blue eyes shaded by dark eyebrows, and with long lashes.

A woman linen draper at the Royal Exchange

introduced Deb to Mrs. Pepys and she sat gravely on a chair to answer questions ; her feet hardly touched the floor.

Elizabeth Pepys, née St. Michel, to her great regret was childless and, being lonely while Samuel was at the Navy Office or diverting himself in company, always had a maid companion—in fact there was a succession of them.

' Nell ' had departed and when she saw Deb, Mrs. Pepys immediately wanted her. Samuel approved of her too but thought she was ' a little too good for our family '. Now she went everywhere with Elizabeth, who treated her like a young sister—to the play, shopping expeditions, outings, and to meet famous people. She even accompanied the Pepys's to Brampton to retrieve the money bags which had been buried there in the troublesome times when Samuel feared for his fortune.

Summer 1668, Pepys gets leave of absence from the Duke of York and takes his household West. On the way were tips for roadmenders and odd coins for the poor, and the best of everything for his party. They delighted in the soft, bland speech of the little boys on the road—the West country burr.

After a night at Bath, where they had the novel experience of having *the whole* of their bodies immersed in hot water, they proceeded to Bristol. ' June 12th, Friday. Up, to go to Bristol, about 11 o'clock . . . Set out towards Bristoll, and come thither (in a coach hired to spare our horses) ; the way bad, but country good ; about 2 o'clock, where set down at the Horseshoe, and there being trimmed by a very handsome fellow, 2s., walked with my wife and people

through the city, which is in every respect another London, that one can hardly know it to stand in the country, no more than that. No carts, it standing generally on vaults, only dog carts. So to the Three Crowns Tavern I was directed ; but when I come in, the master told me that he had newly given over the selling of wine ; it seems grown rich, and so went to the Sun.'

Leaving Elizabeth with the mistress of the house, Samuel went to the Quay—' a most large and noble place '—and he watched the building of a man-of-war designed by Francis Baylie, not forgetting to tip the cabin boys 2s.

Meanwhile Deb accompanied by Will Hewer (Pepys' confidential servant) went to her uncle's ; she got a great welcome from the neighbours who remembered her as a child and ran out of their gabled houses to greet her. It was as though she had come to her home " like an angel unbeknownest."

Samuel continues :—' Walked back to the Sun where I find Deb come back and with her, her uncle . . Here we dined and much good talk with him, 7s. 6d. : a messenger to Sir John Knight, who was not at home, 6d. Then walked with him (Butts) and my wife and company around the Quay, and to the ship ; and he showed me the Custom House and made me understand many things of the place, and led us through Marsh Street where our girle was born—but, Lord, the joy that was among the old poor people of the place to see Mrs. Willet's daughter, it seems her mother being a brave woman and mightily beloved. And so brought us a back way by surprise to his home, where a substantial good house and well-furnished and did

give us good entertainment of strawberries, a whole venison pasty, cold, and plenty of brave wine and above all Bristoll milk.'

Then he describes how another poor woman hearing of Deb's arrival comes running to see her and the emotions aroused in all their hearts.

Samuel tips the servant maid 2s. and then goes out again with Uncle Butts and he is delighted to see the respect paid to him and how he returns it 'to the meanest, which pleased me mightily'. He is shown the place where the merchants meet and 'a fine Cross yet standing, like Cheapside. And so to the Horseshoe where paid the reckoning, 2s. 6d. We back and by moonshine to Bath again, about 10 o'clock, bad way; and, giving the coachman 1s., went all of us to bed.'

Back in London domestic trouble flared up. One of Deb's duties was to comb Samuel's long hair and while she was doing so he attempted to embrace her. At first Deb repulsed him, but after a time she was more yielding. One day Elizabeth standing at the open door was witness of her husband's philandering. A scene followed and a little later Deb was paid £10 for a year and half a quarter, and sacked. When Samuel came back from the Navy Office she was gone. He tried to contact her and did so once or twice, but on the last occasion Deb did not keep the tryst.

His conscience pricked him lest he had set her on the road to perdition and he was relieved one day, when driving through Bow, to see her with a group of girls standing in a doorway, presumably back at the school and respectably employed.

Ten years later, the Sir John Knight, ex-mayor and

sugar baker, whom Pepys failed to meet in Bristol, represented the city in Parliament where he and the diarist came to grips.

Sir John hitherto a staunch Government supporter protested at the request for supplies, and Samuel knew how urgently they were needed. The knight, laying his hand on his heart, asserted that the nation could not stand up to the demands. Pepys exclaimed that if Sir John did so he should lay the other hand on his face for shame. Sir John renewed his opposition and said 'At this rate we shall soon wear wooden shoes'. In the end Samuel was forced, incontinently, to make humble apology to the Bristolian.

X

"This Mythological Personage"

According to G. F. Stone in *Bristol As It Was And As It Is* Father Neptune, which now graces the lovely little garden facing the Floating Harbour, has been moved a few times since its appearance in the Temple parish in 1723.

Neptune formerly stood in the middle of Temple Street, but, when Bath Street was planned about 1787, the street improvers determined that traffic should not be impeded by the legendary ruler of the sea ; so a site was acquired at the corner of Bear Lane.

In 1823, when in the interests of the old ladies of White's Almshouse the building was extended, the statue was again moved and Neptune's new address was Church Lane.

An illustration by S. J. Loxton, in the above-mentioned book, shows it surrounded by railings on which washing is hanging, while a boy plays marbles in its shade. Again in 1871, when Victoria Street was laid out, the figure was brought out into the main street, decorated, and supplied with an inscription connecting it with the Bristol celebrations of the Armada's defeat.

Some say this cannot be substantiated, but why not? Our city supplied four ships to serve against the Spanish fleet in July, 1588, *Mynion*, *Unicorn*,

Handmaid and *Ayd*. And Macaulay's lines from his fragment *The Armada* tell us :—

' Right, sharp and quick, the bells all night rang
out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton Down.'

When Neptune was moved to the bridge-head of the Froom, one of the City Fathers wrote a letter to a local paper which had printed some interesting details regarding the statue, saying he would like a complete story of ' this Mythological Personage '.

It was ' a tall order ' and would have been far beyond the competence of the present writer, but here are a few points culled from various sources which may be of interest.

Neptune (or Poseidon as the Greeks named him) was the son of Saturn and Rhea and therefore brother to Jupiter. An oracle had told Saturn that he would be ousted by his sons, so when Neptune was born, despite his mother's entreaties and her attempt to conceal him in an Arcadian sheep-fold, his unnatural father devoured him. Metis, one of the Oceanides luckily produced a potion (or emetic ?) and the child was brought back to life. At Saturn's overthrow Neptune shared his parents' empire with his brothers. He took the sea, while Jupiter had heaven and earth, and Pluto the nether regions.

This did not seem a fair distribution to Neptune, and he conspired to dethrone Jupiter. The conspiracy was discovered and as a punishment Neptune was condemned to build the walls of Troy.

The reigning Trojan king cheated the god of a promised reward and ever after Neptune was the

inveterate enemy of Troy and a friend to the Greeks.

After a time Jupiter and Neptune were reconciled, but soon the sea god quarelled with his niece Minerva.

On the West pediment of the Parthenon is the contest for the land of Attica between uncle and niece.

Minerva raised the olive tree from the earth and Neptune struck the rocks with his trident and produced the horse and it was judged that the olive was a greater blessing than the horse, with its war connections But the Romans thought differently from the Greeks and held a festival in Neptune's honour as they considered the horse eminently beneficial to man.

Neptune as god of the sea was entitled to more honour than any god save Jupiter. Not only did the oceans, rivers, streams, and fountains come under his sway, but he had the duty of encompassing the earth and causing earthquakes.

He is represented as standing or sitting in a chariot made of a huge shell, drawn by dolphins, symbols of a calm sea. He holds the trident. Sometimes he stands on a ship with tritons (half men and half fish) at each side.

The Greeks were greatly impressed when horses first came to the country ; they were such objects of wonder that people thought them of divine origin. Neptune had brought them to the country and it was said he had a palace under the sea with horses who had golden manes and bronze hooves. The god was credited with the invention of the bridle.

Neptune's amours were numerous—a score or more are recorded by ancient writers and the name of his progeny is legion—most of his offspring were wild and cruel like a rough sea. Examples are Procrustes

of the terrible bed and Polyphemus the one-eyed giant.

All concur in saying that in the representations of the god his face has not the calm majesty of Jupiter. Homer describes Neptune as rising from the sea and says the mountains and forests tremble as he walks and that the whales and all the fishes of the sea gather round him and that even the sea itself seems to feel the presence of the god. He wrote :—

'Neptune ! the mighty marine god, I sing,
O thou earth-shaker—thy command twofold.
The gods have sorted, making thee of horses
The awful tamer, and of naval forces
The sure preserver.'

Incidentally the sea horses at the back of the Council House with children riding on them are hippocampi. They have a horse's head and body and a fish's tail.

XI

The More-Yearsley Controversy

Though today it may seem something of a storm in a teacup, or rather in a milk pannikin, an incident which was hotly debated at the close of the eighteenth century involved Hannah More the Bristol authoress and philanthropist.

The question was whether Hannah was right in putting the money she had collected for Ann Yearsley, the milkwoman poet, in trust, or whether she should have handed it to the beneficiary herself.

Mrs. Yearsley was born 1756, so she was 11 years younger than Miss More, who was well in the plenitude of her career when the two women contacted each other. Ann was just 28. Milkmaid would seem a more romantic appellation than milkwoman, but Ann had six children and was expecting another, when she became Hannah's protegée. She was very poor, her husband was quite illiterate, and she carried on the milk business her mother had built up. In the course of her daily work Ann called at the Misses More's Select School in Park Street to deliver milk and collect kitchen refuse. From her the kitchen staff learnt that she wrote verse and was poor.

The cook carried the information to Miss Hannah whose kind heart was touched, and she determined to help Ann. She interviewed her and found she had had no formal education, but that somehow she had learnt to read and that her brother had taught her to write.

Most of the young woman's knowledge came from the Bible, a few of Shakespeare's plays and *Paradise Lost*; she had read Young's *Night Thoughts* and Pope's *Eloisa* ; she had also dipped into a translation of Virgil's *Georgics*. Her knowledge of mythology and classical subjects was picked up by looking in the print sellers' windows. But Ann had also learnt in the stark school of life.

In his *Lives of the Uneducated Poets* Southey tells us Mrs. Yearsley had never seen a dictionary or grammar. Miss More tried to rectify Ann's semi-illiteracy and gave her a spelling book, grammar and dictionary. She also spent many hours editing her poems, and wrote hundreds of letters to important people to raise funds for Lactilla, as Ann began to be called. A sum of £600 was subscribed, and it was invested in funds, Hannah and Mrs. Montague—of blue-stocking fame—acting as trustees.

The deed of trust excluded Mrs. Yearsley from any control of the money collected.

Lactilla was now on the top of the world ; her picture was painted and engraved ; she was a good-looking buxom woman. No longer destitute she began to review her situation ; on consideration she found it humiliating to be deprived of the money collected. Why should it not be given to her, to dispense for her publications and her children ?

A breach with her benefactress ensued and Ann began to doubt Hannah's motives and even her integrity. Miss More's friends were indignant at what they termed Lactilla's ingratitude. Horace Walpole, who had noted ' the perfect ear and taste ' of the poetess, now wrote to Hannah : ' I am shocked for

human nature at the repeated malevolence of this woman . . . How strange that vanity should expel gratitude ! '

Eventually the money was handed to a Bristol merchant and ultimately it reached Ann's strong box. Now the poetess began to publish at her own risk ; in all she produced ten volumes after the rupture, which may have spurred her to greater efforts.

In one of her publications she prints a letter from Miss More to Mrs. Montague, giving one version of the dispute and also her own statement of the case. In another she prefixes the literary matter by a further explanation. There is no doubt she thought Hannah was envious of her talents.

A poem called *The Rural Lyre* was dedicated to Hervey Lord Bishop of Derry (The Earl of Bristol). He had inspired her with hope before leaving for Ireland.

After a time, however, deprived of patronage, Lactilla's prospects were not so rosy and she decided to start a circulating library at 4 The Crescent, Hotwells. In 1788 she wrote a poem against the slave trade and apostrophised Bristol :—

' *Bristol ! Thine heart hath throbb'd to glory. Slaves,*
E'en Christian slaves, have shook their chains and gaz'd
With wonder and amazement on thee . . .'

A year later Ann had a five act historical tragedy (without love interest) performed at Bath, and later at Bristol ; it was entitled ' Earl Goodwin '. This drama brought her £200.

' Stanzas of Woe Addressed from the Heart on a Bed of Sickness to L. Ames Esq., late Mayor of the City of Bristol ', came out in 1790. There is a good deal behind this long and sentimental-sounding title.

At the time of the hay harvest of 1789 among the village children of Clifton playing in Levi Ames' (or Eames) field were Ann's young sons, aged 12 and 9 respectively. These were singled out by one of Ames' footmen and horsewhipped—the younger in the field, and the elder in his home, to which he had tried to escape. The elder boy's body was covered with weals from the thrashing. A few nights later the younger boy who had expostulated with the footman was waylaid by him behind a wall and beaten up again.

A year later while Ann was sitting at her door, one of Ames' servants rushed furiously down his master's field, threatening to dash out the brains of two children (strangers to her) who ran from him. They escaped and the man now turned his rage on Ann, and she was expecting a child. The baby was born and died that night and Ann herself nearly succumbed. Hence the poem.

French history seems to have fascinated the poetess, for she wrote *Reflections on the Death of Louis XVI*, and *An Elegy on Marie Antoinette*, also a four volume novel called *Royal Captive*, which appears to have been inspired by the story of the Man with the Iron Mask.

Melksham was the scene of Lactilla's later years, where she lived in a state of almost ' total seclusion '. She died, aged 50, May 8th, 1806 and was buried in Clifton Churchyard : she had survived her husband and two sons—one an artist and engraver.

Lactilla's poetry is better than her prose and her ' wildwood notes ' have ' the wild vigour of the rustic muse ' which Hannah had discovered.

Mrs. Montague thought her ' one of nature's

miracles' and Miss Seward, the Swan of Lichfield, bracketed her with Burns.

Southey more soberly allowed her some feeling and capability, but added, 'Though gifted with voice, she had no strain of her own whereby to be remembered, but,' he added significantly, 'she was no mocking bird.'

XII

Bristol Leys

Most people know how our neolithic ancestors made tracks across the country carrying necessities such as salt, flints and pottery from one settlement to another. To guide them on their way ' as the crow flies ', notches were sometimes cut on the skyline of high ground, or trees planted as mark-points.

Later came mounds or large boulders placed in alignment, and the travellers sometimes carried sighting staffs.

In Christian times pilgrims and wayfarers used churches as mark-points. A book entitled *The Old Straight Road*, by the late Alfred Watkins (Methuen) from which the above is gleaned, makes fascinating reading on this subject. He goes on to say :

' The evidence of the alignment of churches, not only with each other, but with all types of original mark-points and with ancient roads occur all over the kingdom . . . Strangely enough, it is most abundant (as regards churches aligning with roads) in old towns, perhaps because here tenements lining the road keep a site fixed (often widened one side) all down the ages.

In every such old town a church tower can be seen closing the vista down a straight bit of road and often there are several examples.'

Alignments, as mentioned above, Watkins calls

leys and he says that Bristol with its many ancient sites aligning is a rich ground for ley-hunting.

The old city has many vistas of tower or steeple closing the end of an ancient street or lane.

There is no doubt, as he says, that the alignment of churches is extremely well illustrated in the heart of our city.

(1) All Saints' Passage (off Corn Street) aligns with St. Nicholas's spire.

(2) Small Street at the bottom of which was once St. Giles, with St. Nicholas.

(3) High Street, with Christ Church spire, running to the South-East through the site of the former St. Nicholas Gate, on which stood the chancel of old St. Nicholas Church, and on over Bristol Bridge to St. Thomas's Church.

In the North-West through the old Greyfriars to Redland Green where stood a recumbent monolith, definitely pre-historic, on the site of a British or Roman highway.

Some three miles away was the Roman Camp near Henbury, where later was built the Chapel of St. Blaise.

(4) Perhaps the most striking example of church alignment in our city however (as Mr. Watkins points out), is a four church ley.

St. Michael's, St. John's on the Wall, Christ Church, and St. Mary le Port. This ley lies in Broad Street, but swerves a little ; it crosses another church ley which passes up Christmas Steps to the site of St. Mary Magdalene's Convent at the top and St. Michael's, built on the hill as is usual with churches of that name. In the other direction it goes through St. John's Gate to All Saints.

Mr. Watkins stresses the fact that this ley passes under the spire of St. John's, which is, of course, built on the City Wall, and has no East or West windows.

The part of these two leys passing through St. John's Arch suggests that before there was a tower there was a prehistoric mark-point here.

Mr. Watkins' theories seem to emphasise the importance of maintaining the original Saxon and later Norman nucleus of the city intact, that mound of land, tongue shaped, which was formerly partly surrounded by the Froom and Avon, while its protective walls were pierced by gates. It had the appearance of a circle flattened on both sides—like an orange half (the fruit cut horizontally) and a St. Andrew's Cross of roads on it.

At the centre was the glorious High Cross clustered round with churches. This Cross was like a heart closing the vistas.

It was sad that this historic circle was damaged by enemy action. And it is with a sigh that we recall the days when churches were direction points to be superseded later by inns and now by traffic lights.

'Tempora mutantur!'

XIII

John Evelyn Describes Bristol

JOHN EVELYN, THE FAMOUS DIARIST, WAS A GOOD MAN if not exceptionally brave. He was a convinced Royalist, but his Cavalier loyalties were tempered by caution.

With him discretion was the better part of valour.

During the Civil War he was present at the skirmish of Brentford, 1642. 'The 12th of November was the Battle of Brentford surprisingly fought . . . I came in with my horse and arms just at the retreat, but was not permitted to stay longer than the 15th by reason of the Army marching to Gloucester ; which would have left both me and my brother exposed to ruin without any advantage to His Majesty . . . and on the 10th (December) returned to Wotton nobody knowing of my having been in His Majesty's Army.' A frank confession ! And possibly the Grand Tour was partly decided on to get away from the political scene when matters were awkward ; and for this we must be grateful for the descriptions of his travels on the Continent are so interesting.

Nevertheless, as said above, he was a good man, and also a great one ; at the Restoration he did not approve of the profligacies of the Court.

He was born at Wotton, Surrey, October 31st, 1620, his father was a large landowner. In his childhood he was sent to his maternal grandparents at Lewes. His grandfather Standsfield dying two years later, when

the boy was seven, he was left to the tender mercies of a too indulgent grandmother and this may have had an adverse influence on him. He refused to go to Eton and attended a local school.

After a time at the Middle Temple he went to Balliol and left without a degree. There was not the pinch of poverty to act as a spur to his study.

His mother died in 1635 and his father five years later, leaving the property to an elder brother.

Living in his brother's home, he occupied himself with gardening, etc. and in 1643, as was the custom with young men of position, he went abroad travelling in France, the Netherlands, and Italy.

At Paris he associated with the family of the English Ambassador, Sir Richard Browne, and eventually married Mary, the knight's daughter.

Evelyn became interested in many things—art, antiques, architecture, painting, music, and, of course, scenery, and he wrote many books giving them mostly Latin titles. There was *Fumyfugium*, which dealt with the prevention of smoke, or, as we should say today, 'smog'. *Sculptura*, which was concerned with engraving on copper and brass. *Sylva* was all about forest trees. *Acetaria*, a discourse of Sallets, in which Evelyn lists seventy-three varieties of edible plants to be found in the fields and hedgerows.

But the Diary is the most interesting of all; it covers about half a century, is full of information, and does not contain the gossip and inquisitiveness of Pepys.

Other interests were the manufacture of glass, etc. and Evelyn helped to found the Royal Society; he also 'discovered' Grinling Gibbons, the famous woodcarver.

In 1653 Evelyn and his family went to Sayes Court, Deptford, where they lived for about forty years and where he entertained Queen Henrietta Maria. From there he returned to Wotton in 1694 and, when his brother died, came into possession.

But to return to 'Evelyn—His Diary' (a London typist edited a script on him to 'Her Diary!').

In June, 1654, Evelyn and his wife came West.

'*June 8th.* My wife and I set out in a coach and four horses on our way to visit relations of hers [the Hungerfords] in Wiltshire. Came by Windsor, Reading, Marlborough, and Newbury.

June 27th. We all went to see Bath where I bathed in the Cross Bath . . . the town is entirely built of stone, but the streets narrow, uneven, and unpleasant.'

[This was well before the time of Captain Webster and Beau Nash.]

'Here we trifled and bathed and intervisited with the company, who frequent the place for health, till the 30th, and then went to Bristol, a city emulating London, not for its large extent, but manner of building, shops, Bridge, traffic, Exchange, Market Place, etc. The Governor showed us the Castle—of no great concernment.'

[The Castle, one surmises, must have been in a bad way at this date; it had been one of the greatest Norman castles in England. A little later Oliver Cromwell pulled it down.]

'The city wholly mercantile as standing near the famous Severn, commodiously for Ireland and the Western World. Here I saw the manner of refining sugar and cutting it into loaves, where we had a

collation of eggs, fried in the sugar furnace, together with excellent Spanish wine.'

[Austin Dobson, who edited the Diary, in his introduction compares this entertainment to the once popular custom of eating beefsteaks dressed on the stoker's shovels to the accompaniment of porter at the famous brewhouses in London.]

He continues

'But what appeared most stupendous to me was the Rock of St. Vincent a little distance from the town —the precipice whereof is equal to anything of that nature I have seen in the more confragose [rugged and broken] cataracts of the Alps; the river gliding between them at an extraordinary depth. Here we went searching for diamonds [Within living memory these "bastard diamonds" were sold by an old man sitting near the path to the Suspension Bridge. They were bright bits of crystal sticking out of a dark coloured rock] and to the Hotwells at its foot. There is also on the side of this horrid Alp a very romantic seat, and so we returned to Bath in the evening . . .'

Evelyn was a good-looking man to judge by Nanteuil's portrait of him. Long, curly, Cavalier locks, dreamy reflective eyes shadowed by slightly arched eyebrows, the face and nose long, and the lucky cleft in the chin. He wore a slight moustache in the fashion of the time.

Evelyn died at Wotton and was buried there in 1706, aged eighty five.

XIV

The Washington Breach

During the second world war, when the American soldiers were stationed in Bristol, many G.I.s were to be seen, under the shadow of the Catholic Pro-Cathedral, examining a curious-looking stone, which had been set up many years ago, in the little garden opposite the building.

On the stone was a plaque with the following inscription :—

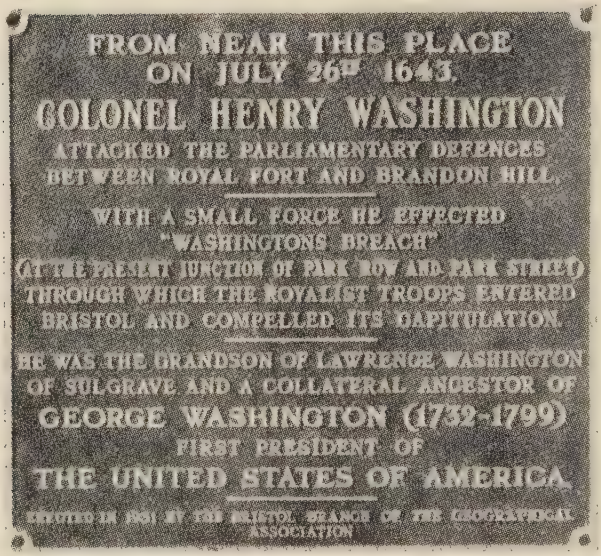
' From near this place on July 26th, 1643, Colonel Henry Washington attacked the Parliamentary Defences between Royal Fort and Brandon Hill. With a small force he effected " Washington's Breach " at the present junction of Park Row and Park Street through which the Royal Troops entered Bristol and compelled the capitulation.

He was the grandson of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and a collateral ancestor of George Washington (1732–1799), First President of The United States of America.

Erected in 1931 by the Bristol Branch of the Geographical Association.'

Later the plaque was placed in a more central position on the wall of the Museum and Art Gallery, with a suitable ceremony, July 4th, 1952.

In 1643, Bristol was in the hands of the Roundheads. The Cavaliers under the Marquis of Hertford, aided by the king's nephews, Princes Rupert and



THE WASHINGTON PLAQUE

Maurice, were endeavouring to wrest the city from the Parliament men. On a July evening in 1643, Colonel Henry Washington was standing on a point of vantage (now Park Place) looking down towards the city. It was his duty to keep guard on houses in nearby Berkeley Place, where important ammunition was stored. As he gazed down the slope in front of him he observed, with the keen eye of a soldier, a weak point in the Parliamentary defences.

It was an undefended point in the unfinished Vallum and with no guns. Not only was this place undefended but the Essex Redoubt (on the present site of the blitzed Prince's Theatre) was unarmed and defenceless.

This was the fault of Governor Nathaniel Fiennes. Fiennes, walking by the redoubt the previous day,

had been warned by a private soldier, who said a hundred soldiers should be sent to defend the position, and the Governor had asked contemptuously, ' What does he prate ? The saucy knave '. Fiennes was cowardly and proud.

' Bold at the Council board
But cautious in the field
He shunned the sword.'

And his pride revolted at the idea of advice from ' a common soldier '. So nothing was done.

This was Washington's opportunity. He had 300 men under his command and he immediately decided to make a night attack.

The valley between the two forts was too deep for the guns to be depressed sufficiently to bear on the place, so he armed half his men with muskets and hand grenades, while the others attached some kind of Greek fire to their pikes which had a terrifying effect as they stole down the hill in the small hours. When the city was reached a sudden assault was made.

The Parliament men were frightened and fled and Washington, reaching his objective, took possession of the Great House on the Quay and manned it, and stationed his other men all around. If necessary he was ready to fire the shipping at the Quay.

Contemporary historians gave credit to Colonel Washington for the eventual taking of Bristol for the king, because the sudden night penetration caused the Governor to surrender to King Charles's army.

Washington was certainly the most distinguished of the English part of the family, and for a long time old maps of Bristol were inscribed, at the junction of Park Row and Park Street, ' Washington's Breach '.

XV

Dame Pugsley's Well

During the last war the house called "Spring Villa" in Nugent Hill was destroyed by enemy action.

It stood on Mother Pugsley's Field and near her famous well.

In emergency the family used the well water and had a pump in the kitchen. Now there is a probability of the site being used for rebuilding, so it may be of interest to recall the story of the Dame and her well.

And it is to be hoped that any building erected on the land will have a tablet of commemoration affixed to it.

There is no obscurity about the actual position of the well; it is beneath the boundary wall which divides 10 Nugent Hill from 2 Clare Road. This was pointed out by the Bristol Water Works officials in 1940, and Mr. F. C. Jones, in his delightful book *The Glory That Was Bristol* tells the story of the fountain.

At 1 Clare Road in the garden is a magnificent pear tree which flourishes because of the proximity of its roots to the well. People come from far and wide to gaze at the lovely creamy blossoms in Spring and the tree frequently bears one ton of pears—perfect for Christmas eating.

Before the Dissolution of the Monasteries the land here was monastic (Benedictine) hence the name Priors Hill Fort, which fort was situated where Fremantle Square now is.

In pre-Reformation times the well was a holy well dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. It was fed by a double spring and on each side was a stone basin.

The lesser spring was famous for its healing qualities and people came to bathe their sore eyes there ; the larger one was used for drinking.

During the Civil War the property belonged to a young Cavalier officer who held a commission in Prince Rupert's army ; his name was Pugsley.

In 1645 Sir Thomas Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief in the Parliamentary Army, with his subordinate Lieutenant-General Cromwell, was attacking Priors Hill Fort from the Montpelier Redoubt. Young Pugsley was in the Fort when a shot hit him killing him instantly. The Roundheads continued storming the Fort, but at the order of their general they stopped and gave the Royalist officer a funeral with military honours.

It is said the young man had only been married that morning.

His widow was heartbroken and she visited the grave daily and had a hut built there for shelter. She refused many offers of marriage and gave herself up to good works. She lived for 60 years after her husband's death, dying about 1700.

Mary Pugsley made a will which was rather unusual. She wished to be buried in her husband's grave beneath the elm trees which grew nearby.

As she had moved to St. Nicholas's parish she left money for the benefit of 16 poor women who were inmates of St. Nicholas's Almshouse in King Street. They were to have a 6d. and a 9d. loaf each at Easter and a 2d. loaf on the eve of Twelfth Day.

Her wedding dress was to be her shroud and, coffinless, she was to be carried on a bier, covered with flowers, to the Cotham grave. Young girls were to strew flowers and herbs in her path and a musician was to walk in front playing the violin. At the same time the bells of St. Nicholas were to ring a merry peal, reminiscent of a wedding.

Many people were spectators of this funeral, which showed the intense preoccupation with interments of those days. The grave was formerly marked with a tablet and when in the middle of the nineteenth century building operations began, the bones of the Pugsley husband and wife were ' found embedded in a great quantity of ashes '. The skull of the Cavalier was discovered to have a bullet hole in one side of the forehead.

Surgeon John Dix, who lived in the first half of last century and was the author of a *Life of Chatterton*, also wrote *Local Legends of Bristol*. Here are some verses he wrote about the funeral of the widow.

GAMMER PUGSLEY

" St. Nicholas' bells are ringing today,
Some great folks or other are wed, I dare say.
Merrily, merrily do they ring,
It isn't the birthday of Queen or King.
I wonder whatever on earth it can be,
Look ! how the people are running to see
Some wonderful sight
Must surely invite
Their attention and cause such excessive delight.

And hey diddle diddle,
Do hark ! There's a fiddle.
The thing is an incomprehensible riddle.
But here comes a crowd, and oh ! what upon earth
Can that corpse on that bier have to do with such mirth,
And as true as I live on each side there's a maiden
Dressed all in white, with the sweetest herbs laden,
Which they strew as they go.
What a singular show !
Whose funeral is it ? I *should* like to know
Who is it wound up in that white sheet so snugly
Without coffin or pall or the like ? "

In the thirties of the last century a man named Fremantle started building on Mother Pugsley's Field and he put a building yard on the well. There was great indignation among Bristolians who had enjoyed the slopes as a promenade. The Council was appealed to but they could do nothing as Fremantle ' flourished the title deeds in the face of the public '. A law suit with him would have been very costly and might have been unsuccessful.

St. Matthew's Church, designed by Rickman was consecrated in 1835 and business men moved up to the villas erected nearby.

In 1913 there was a heated correspondence in the local papers about Dame Pugsley's Well, filling columns. Then came the 1914–18 war and interest flagged.

XVI

Sarah Siddons Plays in Bristol

On July 5th 1955 was celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of Sarah Siddons' birth, and it is interesting to know she came to our city to exhibit her outstanding talent.

In 1777 (October 24th) she made her first appearance in Bath as Lady Townly in the *Provoked Husband* at Palmer's Orchard Street Theatre. The following season she opened with *Lady Macbeth*, and during this season and the following one she worked a kind of shuttle service forward and backwards between Bath and Bristol. It would be impossible in a short article to list all her characters, but mention may be made of Queen Katherine, Desdemona, Beatrice, Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, Miss Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*, Zara in *The Mourning Bride*, and Constance in *King John*.

She graced the boards of our lovely Theatre Royal which had been opened about a dozen years previously.

Mrs. Siddons had not been a great success in London under Garrick, partly due to the jealousy of established actresses, but her triumph in fashionable Bath and important Bristol caused the London managers to revise their opinion of her ; they could not ignore her reputation in the West. In her final performances at Bath and Bristol, she took the sting from her departure for her enthusiastic audiences by bringing her three children, Henry, Sally, and Maria, on to the stage,

saying they were ' The Three Reasons ' for her return to the Metropolis.

Palmer had paid her £3 a week ; she now commanded £20 in London and her triumph there was immediate and complete.

Sarah was the daughter of Roger Kemble, a strolling actor-manager, and his wife, Sarah, née Ward. The child was born at the Shoulder of Mutton Inn at Brecon.

Roger was a Catholic, and his wife a Protestant, and as was the custom at the time the boys followed the father's religion and the girls the mother's ; so Sarah was brought up a Protestant and her brilliant actor-brother, John Kemble, as a Catholic.

As the family travelled about, the girl went to school in various towns, but this did not prevent her from going on the stage as an infant prodigy and she stirred an indifferent audience by reciting the fable *The Boy and the Frogs*.

As she grew older her juvenile beauty brought her much admiration. Playing in *Love in a Village* as Rosetta, she acted with William Siddons, who took the part of Meadows. He was good looking, amiable, and versatile, and the pair fell in love.

Sarah's parents disapproved, however, and she was bundled off to a domestic post at Guys Cliffe. But when she returned home her affection had not changed and on November 26th, 1773, she was married to William at Trinity Church, Coventry, after obtaining her parents' reluctant consent. While the young couple toured the provinces, the news came to Garrick of Sarah's success and he sent for her. She appeared first as Portia at Drury Lane. But

her London season was not successful and she returned to the provinces and that was when she came to the West.

An eye-witness wrote :

' The person of Mrs. Siddons is greatly in her favour—just rising above middle stature—she looks, walks, and moves like a woman of superior rank. Her countenance is expressive, her eyes so full of inspiration that the passion is told from her look before she speaks. Her voice . . . is strong and pleasing, nor is a word lost for want of due articulation.'

Many artists painted her—perhaps the best known portrait is Reynolds', depicting her as ' The Tragic Muse ' ; he wrote his name on the hem of her garment in homage. Sir Thomas Lawrence described it as ' indisputedly the finest female portrait in the world '.

Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence painted her and perhaps one of the loveliest pictures of her was by the last, showing her as Mrs. Haller in ' The Stranger ', with her wonderful eyes, long nose and perfectly modelled mouth.

All the town came to see her play—Royalty, Sheridan, Burke, Fox, and Horace Walpole ; the last was at first unmoved but afterwards became a great admirer.

The story of her visit to Dr. Johnson at Bolt Court in 1783 is well known. No chair was immediately available and the lexicographer gallantly remarked ' Madam, you, who so often occasion a want of seats to other people, will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself.'

The actress went from success to success—she

visited Scotland and Ireland. Space will not allow a list of the parts she took ; they were so numerous.

Perhaps the most pathetic was Katherine of Aragon in *Henry VIII* ; her impersonation brought tears to the eyes of the audience at the unhappy fate of the Queen.

A great trouble to Mrs. Siddons was the treatment of her daughters by Lawrence. He first courted Sally, then left her for her younger sister Maria, and then returned to Sally. Fate decreed that he should have neither.

Maria died (at Hotwells, Dowry Square) in 1798, and Sally in 1803, in London.

Mrs. Siddons was very angry with the painter, but in the end forgave him, and said to her brother, ' Charles, when I die I wish to be carried to the grave by you and Lawrence.'

When Lawrence heard this, he threw down his pencil, clasped his hands and, with his eyes full of tears, exclaimed ' Good God ! Did she say that ? '

In the event, Mrs. Siddons survived him.

The Siddons had six children. After a time Sarah and her husband lived apart, though remaining quite friendly. When William was dying at Bath, she visited him and after his death stopped her performances for a period.

At one time Mrs. Siddons lived in a small house at the top of Hampstead Heath, called Capo di Monte ; it was lonely there and the Prince Regent had a bell hung from the roof to be rung in case of danger.

It must have been in Bath that she went into a draper's shop to buy gingham and almost startled the life out of the salesman with ' Will it wash ? ', uttered in awe full tones.

Who does not know of her reproach to a stupid potboy, ' You've brought me water, boy ; I asked for beer ', given in tragedy style.

Sarah has been accused of having no sense of humour, but read the account of her fellow travellers in a coach from Bristol to Weymouth (in Yvonne French's book) and you will see that she had.

She was blamed also for miserliness, but she was merely thrifty and careful.

She was also accused of too great a familiarity with a Mr. Galindo by his jealous wife. She may have been indiscreet, but she was utterly moral and could have comforted herself with Hamlet's warning to Ophelia, ' Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow thou shalt not escape calumny '.

Mrs. Siddons made her ' farewell ' in 1812 playing Lady Macbeth and after the sleep-walking scene the curtain was lowered. She died in London, June 8th, 1831, at her house in Upper Baker Street, and was buried in Paddington churchyard.

Irving unveiled a statue of her on Paddington Green in 1897. It is in white marble and was sculptured by Chavalliaud after the famous painting by Reynolds.

XVII

Bristol Afire

ANNO DOMINI PREVENTED ME FROM JOINING THE Wrens, W.R.A.C.S. or W.A.A.F.'s in the last war (1939–45) so I went to the H..Q of the A.F.S. in my native city of Bristol and met Mrs. Tribe, the head of the Women's Section, a charming and brave lady. ' Is there an age limit ? ' I asked, diffidently, and on hearing what it was, I mendaciously put myself down a year younger. It was July 1940. I had recently returned from the Transvaal.

' Report for duty tonight after the " All Clear " to make tea for the men at Section C2 Whiteladies.'

' Yes, Madam.'

I was given my blue overalls, tin hat, civilian duty respirator and badges.

At that time in Bristol there were many sirens (' sireens ' some called them). I used to jump out of bed at night, hurriedly dress, and walk to the post, where, in the kitchen a thoughtful fireman had a gigantic kettle boiling ready for me. I made tea, cut sandwiches, or prepared cheese toasts. Food was not short then. The ' phony ' time changed to grim ' dering-do '—the raids began in earnest. The Section Leader told me not to report for duty till an hour after the siren as the men could not have tea until 2 hours after it had sounded.

But I found adherence to this rule meant arriving

late, when tea was already made, so decided to go immediately to the station on the alarm.

Raids were frequent and severe. Sometimes my helpers and I would be all night at the canteen, tea-making and sandwich-cutting, and in between whiles giving First Aid.

Our men were magnificent, going out to the blazing target without ducking their heads, mounting ladders while playing the hose on burning buildings from precarious positions.

As they could not get back for hot drinks we conceived the idea of sending them tea in milk bottles with improvised string handles and enamel mugs, to refresh them in their arduous and dangerous duty.

Meanwhile the sky was red with the reflection of the flames and there was the smell of burning wood and the sound of cracking masonry and the cries of the trapped. Next day the streets would be laced with lengths of hose, and thoroughfares barred from traffic by warnings of unexploded bombs. Housewives whose water supply was out of commission would come out with buckets to get water from improvised hydrants. Broken glass was everywhere.

One night the post itself got a sharp attack. Incendiaries were dropping all around and the men had to climb the roofs to deal with them. I was kept busy filling every available pail and pan with water. A reservoir near-by got a near miss from an H.E. We were thankful it was not a direct hit or we might all have been drowned.

All my cups were on the table with plates of bread and butter when the blast broke the canteen windows,

sprinkling glass all over the food and (worse still) bringing down the black-out.

I sprang to the switches to turn out the lights. The Section Leader told me to go to the Watchroom for greater safety, but I begged to stay where I was. I got a pair of steps and hung Army blankets over the windows. Then the windows and black-out went in the Mess Room and soot from the chimney blazed up, and blankets had to be hung there. I carried the cups into this room and felt about for the table in the dark, but luckily a fireman came in with the stump of a candle.

Fresh food was prepared and the cups carefully wiped.

Another night a splendid Irishman stood at the open doors of the station which showed a blazing inferno and directed us to go flat on our faces, our tin hats resounding on the stone floor. I would wash a teacup, go flat, get up and dry it, and then go flat again.

Once when a raid lasted all night our food came to an end. No one could find the keys of the emergency box. I walked across to the B.B.C. and boldly demanded supplies. ' We would help you if we could' said a kindly official, ' but we have nothing left; seventy people are sheltering in our basement.'

' I must have something for the men,' said I firmly, feeling as Florence Nightingale must have felt when she threatened to take a hatchet to the doors of the store room at Scutari.

The official scratched his head and thought. ' I'll take you across to the Artillery Barracks '. There a charming Colonel allowed me as much milk, cocoa

and golden syrup as I needed and before long my men had steaming and highly-sweetened mugs of cocoa.

Our messenger boys were very brave going off on errands by cycle or on foot. So was the Watchroom girl sitting at her post receiving or sending messages as calmly as if they were grocery orders. And then she would look down and exclaim 'Bother! My stocking's laddered', or 'Give me a cup of tea, please.'

After a time I was no longer A.F.S. but N.F.S., and was given a smart uniform of navy blue and a peaked cap piped with red. The raids of Bristol began to die down. The age-old city, the quondam second port of the kingdom, had been ruthlessly attacked. Hundreds of people killed and 88,000 houses destroyed or damaged, 100 of them irreplaceable.

Bath, that perfect eighteenth century city, had two very sharp raids. Many of our personnel went the 12 miles to the sister city and we saw they had provender to take with them. The barrage the second night was deafening and unending. Afterwards people sent gifts to the gunners in appreciation of their efforts.

Later I was posted to Berkeley Square and afterwards to H.Q. at Bridewell until my 5 years of regular service was completed.

I must recall some of our diversions. We often had sing-songs, darts, billiards, concerts, and of course, wireless, and there was a nice little library. I found playing Patience a defence against Hitler, as it required little brains but close attention. Sometimes we attended demonstrations, marches, and rallies, and had to pass through the gas van. Occasionally I was sent to outlying posts and in the mobile canteen to

Sidcot. I was on duty in every raid, but one. One night in May 1941 the Section Leader told me not to come on duty that evening unless there was a raid. ' The men are dog-tired,' he said, ' it is double Summer time and they want to sleep, and if you come you will be sitting in the canteen with nothing to do till 3 a.m.' I was glad of the exemption. I'm afraid I took no notice of the siren but read a little and then dropped off to sleep.

I was well caught ! Bombs dropped each side of the house (which already had had the back and front windows shattered and an incendiary in the scullery), the inside was blasted out and the staircase collapsed. I had to be lifted down by A.R.P. men, as the stairs had gone, and then walked the streets of my native city in night attire. I went to the Fire Station as soon as I could get a coat. The firemen had heard all about ' the incident '.

' You've often cooked for us ', they said, ' now it's our turn to cook for you '. And I wouldn't have changed their bacon, chips and hot strong tea for a breakfast at Claridges.

Was I ever frightened ? So much so that once I had to get some one to accompany me to the canteen when I opened tins of soup. At other times I was quite unmoved, feeling like one in a dream or a play. Unreal maybe, but one felt one had to live up to one's rôle.

XVIII

Kilvert in Bristol

Robert francis kilvert, the victorian diarist was born at Hardenhuish, near Chippenham, December 3rd, 1840.

His father was rector of the parish and his mother the daughter of Mr. Coleman of Langley Burrell.

Readers of *The Story of My Life*, by Augustus Hare, will recall that the author was sent to school in 1843 (when he was nine) at Hardenhuish Rectory, and his description of the Rev. Mr. Kilvert as a schoolmaster who inspired abject terror in his pupils.

But at this time Francis was only three. The boy was educated privately and later went to Wadham, eventually following in his father's footsteps and becoming a clergyman. His first curacy was at Langley Burrell where his father was now rector. In 1865 he went to Clyro in Breconshire and ministered in that parish for seven years, making many friends, among them the Vaughan family of Newchurch.

For a time he came back to Wiltshire, and lastly was appointed rector of Bredwardine in Herefordshire. He married in 1879, but about a month later he died (September 23rd) aged 38, and was buried at Bredwardine. Surely an uneventful and unexciting life, and yet his diaries make fascinating reading, and he has been classed with Pepys, Amiel and Proust.

William Plomer has edited the diaries ; they were found in 22 note books.

Kilvert was a strange character ; he was sentimental and beauty-loving, with deep poetical feeling, dutiful and compassionate, bigoted and narrow-minded ; his descriptive powers were wonderful and he gave charming pictures of country life in the seventies of last century. But the most striking thing about him was his passionate devotion to young women and little girls, exceeding that of his Oxford acquaintance Lewis Carroll. Kilvert's portrait shows a handsome man of 34 whose good looks are spoilt for the modern eye by an unusually bushy beard with side whiskers.

Frequently when in Wiltshire he came to Bristol—usually on a market day to take advantage of the cheap ticket. On *October 24th, 1873* he came to Bristol ' by the 9.20 train ' for the Musical Festival. ' Walking fast to the Colston Hall, just beyond the Drawbridge, we arrived at the Trenchard Street entrance for the unsecured seats, five minutes before the doors were opened. A great crowd had assembled and had been waiting for some time. Directly the doors were thrown open at noon a dreadful struggle began. People got wedged in the doorway and were shot like cannon balls by the terrible pressure from behind.'

One of the ladies he was escorting took his arm to prepare for the struggle, but ' we were forced asunder in the fight.' [No queues in 1873 !]

June 4th, 1874.

' Went to Bristol with my mother on a market ticket.'

He goes to the Clergy Daughters School in Great George Street, first buying a nosegay of roses in the

market. The school in those days must have been a mixture of Miss Pinkerton's Academy in *Vanity Fair* and Lowood in *Jane Eyre*.

The object of his visit was to see Janet Vaughan of Newchurch.

En route he went into a confectioner's shop between the Drawbridge and College Green to eat a bun.

'I saw lingering about the door a bare-footed child—a little girl with fair hair, tossed and tangled, wild with an arch *espiégle*, eager little face and beautiful wild eyes, large and grey, which looked shyly in the shop and at me, with a wistful, beseeching smile.'

[Kilvert does not spare the adjectives !]

'She wore a poor, faded, ragged frock, and her shapely limbs and tiny, delicate beautiful feet were bare and stained with mud and dust. Still she lingered about the place with her sad, wistful smile and her winning beseeching look, half hiding herself shyly behind the door. It was irresistible.'

The upshot was he took her out a bun and, 'I shall never forget the quick, happy and grateful smile which flashed over her face as she took it and began to eat. She said she was very hungry. Poor lamb ! ' Now he mounts Park Street and enters Great George Street. He does not know at first where to find the C.D.S. but the sound of two or three pianos guides him to the top of the street where stands 'a large old-fashioned red brick house in a pretty garden.'

'Is Miss Vaughan at home ? ' he asks.

'Yes.'

He was shown upstairs to a room 'overlooking the basin and sweep of the vast, smoky town and the dark,

grey battlements of the Cathedral towers rising above the avenues of College Green '.

Presently, singing along the passage, came Janet—she gave him a long, loving kiss and they sat down by the open window to talk.

He asked if they might go into the garden and Janet took him there. Leaving the flower beds and sloping lawns they descended to the Poets' Retreat, and they walked about talking of Clyro, Newchurch, etc.

' It was fringed with young trees, upon some of which the girls had carved their initials. Upon the stem of a young beech whose bark was growing black with Bristol smuts I carved Janet's initials J.V. and reluctantly at her request my own R.F.K. above.'

But Nemesis was waiting, as will be seen later !

Aug. 21st, 1874.

He goes to Clifton and goes down into ' the slush and mire and darkness of the Giant's Cave,' and then from the edge of the cliff looks down upon the Suspension Bridge ; he writes of the river at low tide, the steep, lofty cliffs and the green-foliaged dingle, and the slopes of Nightingale Valley which are bound up with thoughts of a certain young lady !

Thursday, October Day, 1874.

To Bristol ' with a market ticket ' to visit friends.

On his way to the Station he enters St. Mary Redcliffe.

' The church is still under repair—the roof of the nave being now nearly restored. The verger said the church had been under the workmen's hands for the last 45 years, a thousand pounds being spent every year.'

He strikes the sounding pillars, but 'they do not ring as they did formerly' and then he mounts to the muniment room . . . and sees 'the worm-eaten remnants of the chests in which Chatteron . . . averred that he had discovered the poems of Rowley . . .'

10th December, 1874.

Again to Bristol to meet some lady friends at Carlton Place.

Jessie and Ella Russell accompany him to his favourite walk over the Suspension Bridge, along the edge of Nightingale Valley and through Leigh Woods.

'Jessie in fits of laughter at the story of my visit to the young ladies' school in Great George Street, when the Lady Principal was horrified to discover that I was not as she had thought "quite an old gentleman."' He was just. 34

Fri. March 19th, 1875.

'I am very much annoyed this evening by a note from Marion Vaughan saying that my last letter to Nettie [a pupil at the C.D.S.] had been forwarded to her at the Clergy Daughters School at Bristol—that Miss Winter had opened the letter, read it and refused to give it to Nettie, and then laid it before the Committee, and that the Honorary Secretary had written to Mr. Vaughan saying that if Nettie continued to receive letters from me he must withdraw her from the school.'

May 21st, 1875.

Kilvert goes to Clifton by the 9.35 to help a lady friend to house hunt.

'We looked at 4 houses before luncheon, but one was too dear, another too small, and a third too

dirty. The fourth had "an ancient and fish-like smell".'

Friday, March 3rd, 1876.

He goes to Bristol and calls at the bookbinders—Williams, above the Drawbridge and got 'dear Ettie's name stamped on the leather cover of an MS. book of my poems, which I am copying out for her as an Easter offering'. [Another girl friend one presumes!]

This is the last mention of our city in Francis Kilvert's famous Diaries, which are now looked on as a minor classic.

XIX

Butler of the Analogy

WANDERING ABOUT BRISTOL CATHEDRAL YOUR attention might be arrested in the north transept by and imposing tablet under the Colston window. On it is a noble panegyric by Southey to Butler, Bishop of Bristol, 1738–1750.

It runs :—

'Others had established
The Historical and Prophetical Grounds
Of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION,
And
That sure Testimony of its Faith,
Which is found in its perfect Adaptation
To the Heart of MAN.
It was reserved for HIM to develope
Its ANALOGY to the CONSTITUTION
And COURSE of NATURE
And laying his strong Foundations
In the Depth of that great Argument
There to construct
Another irrefragable Proof,
Thus rendering PHILOSOPHY
Subservient to FAITH
And finding in outward and visible Things
The Type and Evidence
Of those within the Veil.'

Follows an apt quotation from Origen.

Joseph Butler was the author of the Analogy—the most famous and most carefully reasoned defence of revealed religion which appeared in England in the eighteenth century.

He has been described as ' the Bacon of theology '. Cardinal Newman wrote of him as ' the greatest name in the Anglican Church ' and said that the study of the Analogy ' has been to so many, as it was to me, an era in their religious opinions '.

The Analogy is a defence of Christianity chiefly directed against the Deism which was fashionable in that time. Gladstone edited Butler's works in 1896.

Born in 1692, Joseph Butler was the youngest of eight children. His father was a draper in Wantage and, by religion, Presbyterian.

The boy was sent to a school kept by a clergyman and, like Napoleon, he remembered those who had helped him in his childhood. When he became Dean of St. Paul's, he saw that his old schoolmaster was given a good living.

After a time, he went to a school at Gloucester, later moved to Tewkesbury, where he met the future Archbishop Secker.

In the last years of his school life, he carried on a correspondence with Samuel Clarke, the divine, on theological matters, and declared the search after truth as the business of his life.

Joining the Church of England, young Butler persuaded his father to send him to Oriel and in 1718 he got his degree and took Orders.

He was appointed to the Rolls chapel and preached some brilliant sermons there which brought him into notice.

After a period in a Yorkshire parish, he went to Stanhope in Weardale, where he was ' buried alive ', but had time to do a lot of thinking.

The story goes that he rode fast on a black pony and when the animal stopped for grazing the rider indulged in a reverie ; these meditations took form in writing, and in 1731 the famous Analogy was completed and he dedicated it to Chancellor Talbot.

Honours were now showered on him and he was recognised by royalty.

Queen Caroline, who liked the society of theologians once said she thought he had died.

' No, madam ', was the reply of a fellow cleric, ' he is not dead but buried.'

From this time, the Queen commanded his attendance and when she was in her last illness commended him ' particularly and by name '.

George II, hearing a sermon from him on profiting by affliction, promised to ' do something very good for him '. The result was that Walpole offered Butler the bishopric of Bristol, vacant through the departure of Gooch for Norwich.

It was the poorest in England, being worth only £500 a year. Butler wrote to the Prime Minister in August 1738 accepting, but saying it was ' not very suitable, either to the condition of my fortune or the circumstance of my preferment, nor, as I should have thought, in the recommendation ' [that is the Queen's] ' with which I was honoured '.

After his instalment, he spent considerable sums improving the Bishop's Palace, which was to be burned down by rioters about 90 years later.

When in Bristol, Butler would walk for hours in the

garden at night and on one occasion when he had been in a brown study for a long time, he suddenly asked his chaplain, Mr. Tucker, whether public bodies might not go mad, as individuals, adding that nothing else could account for most of the transactions of history.

At this time, John Wesley was preaching in Bristol and his sermons caused some of those convulsive phenomena such as falling into fits, which, to the evangelist, appeared to be proofs of divine power.

Butler regarded them with suspicion as symptoms of ' enthusiasm ' in the bad sense of the word. They had caused scandal and the Bishop felt it his duty to remonstrate.

After some discussion with Wesley, Butler spoke with horror of claims to extraordinary revelations and gifts which he characterised as 'a horrid thing, a very horrid thing'. He ended by advising Wesley to leave his diocese. ' Go hence ', he said.

But Wesley replied : ' I think I can do most good here, therefore I stay.'

After twelve years in Bristol, Butler went to Durham, taking with him some of the cedar wood which Bristol merchants had presented to him.

Horace Walpole said he had been ' wafted to his see in a cloud of metaphysics and remained absorbed in it '.

A year later he stressed, in his charge to his clergy, the importance of using outward forms in religion, showing how their influences strengthened belief. He quoted Catholicism, etc.

While attending Parliament, Butler lived in Hampstead, Vane House, formerly inhabited by Sir Henry Vane, the Parliamentarian ; it was ' a most enchanting, gay, pretty, elegant house '.

He filled the windows with stained glass, including figures of the Apostles. He read the lives of the saints and books of mystical piety.

In Bristol he had set up an altar of black marble with a white cross inlaid. This caused many to think he tended towards Catholicism and in 1767, when he had been dead 15 years, an anonymous pamphlet asserted that he had died a Catholic.

Study of his writings does not uphold this, though in a letter to a lady of importance he speaks of ' great disorder having been committed at the Reformation '.

The Bishop was very generous. He could never resist a beggar. But not only to beggars was he generous. On one occasion when asked for a subscription he enquired from his steward how much money was in the house.

' Five hundred pounds, my lord.'

' Give it all to the applicant,' was Butler's order. ' It is a shame for a bishop to have so much.'

When his health began to fail, he directed that all letters in a locked box in his Hampstead library be burned. It is uncertain if this was done.

A portrait shows a fine figure of a man in a voluminous gown with bands at the throat ; his high forehead is topped by a powdered and curled wig. His fine eyes, sensitive nose, show perceptive qualities and there is an incipient double chin.

Gladstone was a great protagonist for the honoured memory of Butler and disposed efficiently of criticisms by Bagehot, Leslie Stephen, Matthew Arnold, etc.

Butler never married ; he died at Bath in 1752 and is buried in Bristol Cathedral.

XX

Bristol Acclaims a Polish Hero

> ' Hope for a season bade the world farewell
> And Freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko fell.'
> *Campbell.*

During the French Revolution the emigrés were welcomed in this country and a few stayed on. The potato famine brought Irish harvesters here and some did not return. Thus French and Irish were integrated into our nation to mutual benefit.

And now Britain has thrown open her doors to Poles, who dare not return to their Communist-ridden country and are learning our way of life.

How Poland has suffered ! She has been called ' The Christ of the Nations '. Partitions and invasions; virtual slavery under the Russians, Germans and Austrians ! We, in this land, with our long traditions of freedom, can hardly realise the torture of the Poles down the centuries.

Looking back we can remember all we owe to the sons and daughters of Poland—Kosciuszko, Sobieski, Czartoryski, Sienkiewicz, Chopin, Madame Curie, St. Stanislaus Kostka, Copernicus, Mickiewicz, Paderewski, Pilsudski, etc.

About 150 years ago one of these famous Poles came to our city.

June 13th 1797 saw the enthusiastic reception in Bristol of Thaddeus Kosciuszko. He had come via

Stockholm, London and Bath to Bristol and was on his way to America.

Our freedom-loving ancestors were familiar with his heroic deeds and went wild about this ' Pocket Patriot ', as he was called, for he was ' somewhat below middle size '. A deputation of citizens gave him an address which ran thus :

' With equal admiration and solicitude did we watch the unparalleled efforts of your exalted genius, your intrepid valour and warlike coolness against the bonds of haughty, presumptuous and sanguinary tyrants.'

The citizens did not content themselves with words, but (money speaks !) collected 100 guineas to give the hero a piece of plate.

He was right royally entertained at The White Lion, now the Grand Hotel, and the Sheriff congratulated him on behalf of the civic body.

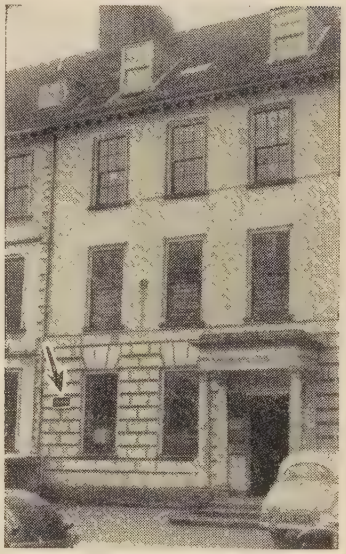
While in Bristol, Kosciuszko stayed at the house of the American Consul, Mr. Vanderhorst, at 36 (now 37), Queen Square.

The house bears a bronze tablet which reads :

' The Polish patriot, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, stayed here in June 1797.'

The plaque was given by the Brothers Spiridion of Cardiff, descendants of a Polish exile of 1830.

After a week Kosciuszko sailed for America—his second visit. He went down the Avon in a small boat and boarded his ship at Kingroad. The banks of the river were crowded with people waving handkerchiefs and cheering, and wishing him Godspeed. A Bristol journalist of the time said he had ' a pleasing countenance ' and thought he must be ' about 52 years of age '.



THE HOUSE OF THE
AMERICAN CONSUL
MR. VANDERHORST
at 36 (now 37)
QUEEN SQUARE

Thaddeus Kosciuszko was born in Lithuania (February 12th, 1746) of a noble but impoverished family ; he was educated in Warsaw and then went to France for military training.

On his return, he joined the Army and attained the rank of Captain. He fell in love with the beautiful Ludwika Sornowska, but the affair came to nothing as her family disapproved of the match.

Conditions being unfavourable for revolt, Thaddeus decided to go to America to obtain practical war experience which he hoped he could use later against Poland's aggressors.

Joining Washington's army, he served with distinction and was made a brigadier general and voted the

thanks of Congress ; he received American citizenship and was given a grant of land.

Returning to Poland he was gazetted Major-General, and lived in retirement, for the time was not ripe for action. But when the Polish Army was reorganised, he fought gallantly under Prince Poniatowski against the Russians and later against the Prussians. He declared for the Constitution of May 3rd, 1791.

When King Stanislaus Augustus shamefully submitted to Catherine II and agreed to the Second Partition in 1793, Kosciuszko withdrew from the army, refusing promotion.

In 1794, however, he had headed the insurrection, fighting against great odds. The insurrectionists had very little artillery and some of them fought with pikes and scythes. After early successes they were defeated, as the enemy's numbers were much greater.

Two more battles followed and in the last Thaddeus was gravely wounded, captured and imprisoned for two years in a St. Petersburg prison. After this period had elapsed, Emperor Paul released him on parole.

Then came his second visit to America and his triumphant passage through our city.

When he returned to Europe, Napoleon wished him to join in his invasion of Poland, but Kosciuszko did not trust the French Emperor ; besides he felt bound by his parole.

Thaddeus was a true democrat and did all he could for the peasants ; he emancipated all the serfs on his own estate. Also he did not believe in racial discrimination and treated the Jews fairly.

His end came when, living in Switzerland (Solothurn), he fell from his horse over a precipice and died, on October 15th, 1817.

Czar Alexander directed that his body should be taken to Cracow and buried in the vaults of Castle Wawel, the burial place of Polish kings. His funeral took place with great pomp and ceremony, and he was laid beside Sobieski, the defender of Vienna.

A mound of earth, 150 feet high, was piled up outside the city in his honour.

Thaddeus never married. At 45 he had had a second romance ; he wished to marry Tekla Zurnowska and wrote her the most tender and beautiful love letters. Her mother approved of the match, but her father was adamant against it, so this affair also came to nothing.

In the Bristol Library is a copy of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, by Jane Porter, who was a great admirer of the General. It is an exciting and carefully written story of a Polish exile (presumably Kosciuszko) and appeared in four volumes in 1803. A translation fell into Kosciuszko's hands and he was very pleased to read it. Two years after his death, Jane Porter dedicated the tenth edition to his memory.

XXI

Margerie Kempe in Our City

Some time ago W. Butler-Bowden came on a manuscript in his library which caused a sensation in the literary world ; it was an early copy of *The Boke of Margerie Kempe* (*1436*).

The book was published by Jonathan Cape after it had been deciphered ; it was in black letter English with red capitals.

The work, an autobiography, is one of the first prose narratives in English on a large scale.

In 1501 Wynkyn de Worde printed extracts from it and a copy is the precious possession of the University Library at Cambridge.

Margerie Kempe, born 1373, was the daughter of John Burnham of King's Lynn in Norfolk ; at the age of 20 she married 27-year-old John Kempe, a burgess of the town.

In some ways the book recalls *The Little World of Don Camillo*, for Margerie appears to talk to Our Lord and get answers from Him, as the little Italian priest got from the Crucifix in his church.

Margerie dictated the matter to a priest ' from her own tongue ' using the third person. Of course she could neither read nor write.

She always calls herself ' the creature ' in humble contradistinction to her Creator.

She was an extraordinary character—a religious enthusiast remaining in the world, a mystic who would

have perhaps fitted better in a cell—emotional and given to fits of sobbing and weeping, but who wandered through the world and went on pilgrimages. She was admired by some who thought her saint-like, while others criticized her and found her tiresome and even wicked.

Like Chaucer's *Wife of Bath* in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* she went to the Holy Land, Rome, and St. James of Compostela in Spain. In 1414 she set out from Yarmouth for Jerusalem. A year later she was in Rome. Then she spent so much in charity that she found herself almost penniless and had to borrow money from ' a broken-backed man ' called Richard.

She said : ' Richard, by the grace of God we shall come home into England right well, and ye shall come to me in Bristol in Whitsun week and then I shall pay you right well and truly . . . ' 1417 found her in our city and Richard who had come for his money was promptly paid.

Margerie's object in coming to Bristol was to await a ship to take her to Spain to visit the shrine of St. James of Compostela. She waited six weeks.

' Inasmuch as there were no English ships that would sail thither, for they were arrested and taken up for the king (Henry V) other pilgrims that were at Bristol desiring to speed their journey, went about from port to port, and sped they never the more.'

So Margerie Kempe scored by waiting patiently in our city.

In Bristol she was ' houselled ' every Sunday. She joined in the Corpus Christi procession and attended many services.

At last she heard of a ship " arrayed for sailing ". A man from Newcastle who was going in the same vessel gave her 10 marks. But a rich, important Bristol man heard of this and misjudged her and tried to prevent this 44-year-old matron from sailing in consequence.

She was sent to Thomas Peverell, a Carthusian, the Bishop of Worcester, ' who lay 3 miles beyond Bristol ' (Westbury College). In the hall she saw the Bishop's men ' all slashed and pointed in their clothes ' and they were not gentle to her. No doubt they had heard the calumny spread abroad about her acquaintance with the man from Newcastle.

She, lifting up her hand, blessed herself and then they said, ' What devil aileth thee ? '

She said to them : ' Whose men be ye ? '

They answered back, ' The Bishop's men '.

Then she said, ' Nay, forsooth, ye are more like the devil's men '.

Margerie never minced her words.

' Then they were wrath and chid her and spoke angrily to her and she suffered them well and meekly. And afterwards she spoke so seriously against sin and their misbehaviour that they were in silence and held themselves well pleased with her words, thanks be to God, ere she left.'

Now she was to have her interview with the Bishop ; she expected admonishment from him, but he evidently judged her character aright.

' She went into the church and abode the coming of the Bishop and when he came she knelt down and asked what was his will and why she was summoned to come before him ; it was to her great hurt and

hindrance, insomuch as she was a pilgrim, preparing, by the grace of God to go to St. James-ward.'

Then the Bishop said : ' Margerie, I have not summoned thee, for I know well enough that thou art John of Bruman's daughter of Lynne. I pray thee be not wrath, but fare fair with me and I shall fare fair with thee for thou shalt eat with me this day.'

' Sir,' she said, ' I pray you hold me excused for I have promised a good man in the town to eat with him today.'

And then the Bishop said ; ' Thou shalt eat with me and he also.' He shrived her and gave her gold and his blessing, asking her prayers.

' So she went forth to her ship.'

They reached Spain on the seventh day, stayed a fortnight and got back in 5 days.

On her return this indefatigable woman went to Hailes Abbey in Gloucestershire, where she venerated the Relic of the Holy Blood in its splendid ark-like shrine. Edmund Earl of Cornwall, nephew of Henry III, had brought it in a phial from the Holy Land and its authenticity had been guaranteed by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, later Urban IV. He gave it to the Cistercian monks in 1270.

After her husband's and son's deaths the ageing woman travelled with her daughter-in-law to the Baltic.

Margerie Kempe has the distinction of a notice in the National Dictionary of Biography.

Incidentally the pilgrims sometimes stayed at ' The Rummer ', near All Saints Church and founded 1241.

The pilgrim ships were well named *Trinity*, *Mary*, *St. John*, *St. Christopher*, *St. Catherine*, *St. Anne*, all ' of Bristol '.

XXII

The Monuments on Clifton Down

Two monuments stand in a corner of the green opposite Christ Church, Clifton. One is a tall freestone obelisk with slate panels—the other a cenotaph of good design. Both were damaged by the blitz in the last war, but are now happily restored.

These monuments once adorned the grounds of Manilla Hall (now non-existent), but were moved in 1882 when Mayor Joseph Weston purchased the house. The mansion (the name of which is perpetuated in Manilla Road) was at one time a Convent School conducted by the 'Dames de la Mère de Dieu', a French sisterhood. Eventually the hall was taken down to make way for modern villas.

It had an earlier history for it was built by a distinguished Bristolian and military man—Sir William Draper, and was called after his victory in the Philippine Islands in 1763. He was knighted for this victory and received the freedom of the city of Bristol.

Levelling the ground opposite Clifton Camp he planted an avenue of trees in front of his house.

Draper's hero was William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, so he set up the obelisk as a private testimonial in 1768, composing the Latin inscription himself. An abridged translation appears on one of the panels.

Pitt reciprocated Draper's admiration, for he described him in a speech as 'a gentleman whose

THE MONUMENT
on the Green opposite Christ Church, Clifton
Erected by General Draper

noble and generous spirit would do credit to the proudest grandee of the country '.

The cenotaph is shaped like a raised casket tomb and is on a pedestal. It is surmounted by an urn from which a flame (stone) emerges. There is a Latin inscription in honour of 30 (odd) officers and 1,000 men of the old 79th Regiment (Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders), who fell in India, fighting the French—1758 et seq.

The monument bears medallions with the names and dates of various engagements, such as Madrass (sic) and Congeveram 1759, Wanderwash, Arcot and Carical 1760, Pondicherry 1761 ; also Manilla and the Philippine Isles.

An inscription in English makes a British heart swell with pride :

' Their generous treatment of a vanquished enemy exhibits an illustrious example of true fortitude and moderation, worthy of being transmitted to latent posterity, that future generations may know Humanity is the character of British Conquerors.'

But why Manilla and the Philippines were included with the Indian place names will be seen later.

William Draper was born in 1721 at Bristol where his father was a Customs officer. After attending the Cathedral School under the Rev. W. Bryant, he went to Eton and Cambridge.

It was thought he would be a clergyman, but Draper had other ideas and was gazetted as an ensign in a regiment of foot. After Culloden, he went to India and distinguished himself at the Fort St. George siege in 1759. Illness sent him home for a time but he returned to India.

GENERAL DRAPER

England was on the verge of war with Spain and, with the keen appreciation of the military expert, Draper saw the importance of acquiring Manilla. The Government gave him secret orders to proceed there and capture the city, which he did in 1763.

A million sterling was named in lieu of pillage ; it was promised but never paid in full.

Draper was in the full tide of success, but a rod in pickle was awaiting him in England.

In 1769 the famous Letters of Junius (that mystery man) appeared in *The Public Advertiser*. No one knew the identity of Junius. Macaulay supposed him to be Sir Philip Francis, but this has been denied by others.

Among the persons attacked by Junius was a friend of Draper—the Marquis of Granby—and, fond of controversy and proud of his academic achievements,

he rushed into print in defence of this nobleman under the rather unsuitable nom de plume of ' Modestus '.

Junius retorted with sarcasm and taunts. He criticised an exchange Draper had made with a fellow officer, Colonel Gisborne, and mocked at ' the blushing ribbon which is now the perpetual ornament of your person '.

Draper defended himself with spirit and the fight went on. As Junius, in the first instance, had not descended to particularities his letters might have passed with little notice ; certainly it would have been wise to ignore them. But that was not Draper's way.

A bitter wordy war ensued which degenerated into an exchange of personalities, much to the disadvantage of the soldier.

As Macaulay wrote :

' Junius had taken the field and trampled Sir William Draper in the dust.'

Now, Lady Draper (niece of the Duke of St. Albans) died and after an interval the widower married a rich American lady from New York. Her name was Susanna de Lancey, and she and her family were loyalists.

In 1779 Draper was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Minorca under the Hon. James Murray. The Balearic Islands were always being tossed about like a ball between the Powers. Now it was Britain's turn to hold them, but when the place surrendered to the enemy, Draper preferred charges against his chief.

A court martial was held and it was found that the charges could not be substantiated, so Draper was ordered to apologise.

After the trial a newspaper account said Murray

' was very much broke ' but that ' Sir William looked exceedingly well and in the flower of his age. His star was very conspicuous and his arm was always carefully disposed so as never to eclipse it '.

His portrait shows a dapper man with curled tie-wig, a jabot at his neck, and his star blazing on his chest. He looks as though he does not suffer from false modesty despite his pseudonym of ' Modestus. ' He has a determined chin which may bespeak a cantankerous nature. Draper died at Bath in 1787.

He had done much in his sixty-six years, and on his memorial tablet in the Abbey an epitaph was inscribed by his old fellow student, Christopher Anstey ; it is in elegant Latin and the tablet is on the south aisle wall.

Draper had doubtless drunk from the mineral spring and so helped to give credence to the couplet—

' The walls adorned with monument and bust
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust.'

XXIII

The Story that Inspired a Great Work

ALL BRISTOLIANS WHO KNOW OF THE WORK DONE BY the Guild of the Handicapped in Braggs Lane must admire it, but not all Bristolians know the origin of the institution.

It was started by a book published in 1885 entitled *The Story of a Short Life*.

The author of the book was Juliana Horatia Ewing who wrote charming children's stories which were appreciated by grown ups quite as much as by juveniles.

Mrs. Ewing also wrote *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*, *Lob-lie-by-the-Fire*, *Daddy Darwin's Dovecote*, and *Jackanapes* ; this last was a classic.

'. . . Mrs. Ewing's best stories,' says the Encyclopedia Britannica, 'have never been surpassed in the style of literature to which they belong.'

And she had the good fortune to have some of her stories illustrated by the inimitable Randolph Caldecott.

Juliana was the daughter of another writer, Mrs. Gatty, whose *Parables from Nature* and *Aunt Judy's Tales* delighted the Victorians. Margaret Gatty and Juliana Horatia Ewing's names mean little or nothing to the present generation but they are as a trumpet call to an old war horse, to many elderly people who revelled in their writings in past days.

And a book was recently published by Constable, written by Christabel Maxwell, a grand-daughter of Mrs. Gatty and niece of Mrs. Ewing, which brings these two authors to our firesides ; it is called *Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Ewing* and is most readable.

But to get back to *The Story of a Short Life*. A Bristol girl called Ada Vachell who lived at Sneyd Park read it and was deeply moved by it. She had heard that a Mrs. Kimmins (Sister Grace) had also read it and had been inspired to start The Guild of Brave Poor Things in London—the origin of the Heritage Guild at Chailey, Sussex.

Ada or Sister Ada as she liked to be called would initiate a similar work in Bristol, the capital of the West in the nineties of last century. She would seek out all the unhappy, the maimed, the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, and gather them together, first at Broad Plain House and later at the Guild Heritage ; she would do her best to help them, make them happy, and bring colour and gaiety into their lives.

There would be concerts, entertainments, lectures, gifts of flowers and refreshments and the members would be taught basketry, leatherwork, rugmaking, etc. Later a holiday home would be established at Churchill.

A devoted band of helpers soon gathered round Sister Ada, the chief of whom was Mabel Glanville, who, when the foundress died, wore her gracious mantle.

And now for the book. How did it become the cause of this splendid work ?

Here is a short resumé of the plot. A small boy called Leonard lives with his father, the Master of the

House and his mother, Lady Jane, in a South country mansion near to Asholt ; he is a beguiling child and wins all hearts by his naïve talk and ingenuous ways.

The boy is devoted to his dog Sweep, but also intrigued by a portrait on the wall which represents ' Uncle ' Rupert, a far back scion of the family, who died at 16 fighting for the Stuart cause. Leonard imagines his young ancestor's eyes follow him wherever he is and that they seem full of tears. In a corner of the picture is the family coat of arms and the motto is in Latin *Laetus sorte mea* (happy in my lot) To the annoyance of Leonard's father Asholt Camp, obviously Aldershot, is to be planned nearby. In masterly fashion Mrs. Ewing tells of the preparation of the terrain, chiefly by burning. A highwayman's heath, beautiful with trees, bracken and flowers, is to be sacrificed and it is scorched till it looks like an African desert. There were no bulldozers in 1855.

Soon the hutments are erected and the place begins to be inhabited.

But if the Master of the House abominates the invasion of the countryside Leonard is delighted; the child has the greatest interest in things military.

His aunt, who is considered to have made a *mésalliance* by marrying Colonel Jones the barrack master, allows him to visit her, and Leonard is thrilled.

He loves the drilling, the bands, the uniforms ; particularly does he love the Irish orderly O'Reilly. When he grows up he will be a soldier himself.

But one day a carriage accident cripples the boy and he is so injured that he has not long to live.

Everything possible is done for him, but having been spoilt before his accident the pain and frustration of crippledom make him irritable and difficult.

However, one day he meets a real V.C., and this young officer assures Leonard that it is easier to be a brave soldier than a brave cripple, and suggests that he should try to be courageous and show those around that he is happy in his lot.

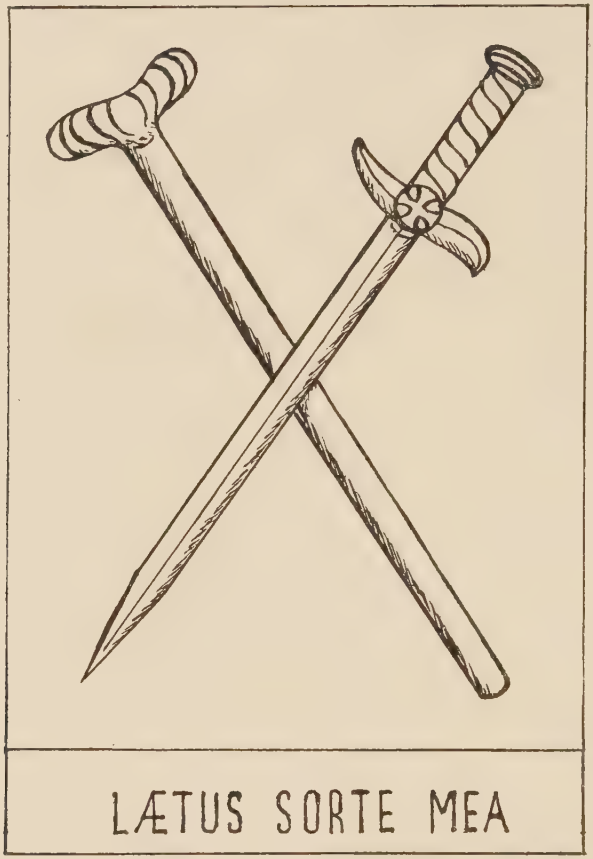
Soon after a blind piano tuner comes to the house and Leonard is amazed at the man's cheerfulness and his ability to earn his living. This gives him the idea of keeping a book and entering in it the names of the handicapped who are brave ; he will call it *The Book of The Brave Poor Things*. Leonard tries hard to be one himself but it is difficult. He is happiest at the Camp, where he frequently sees his V.C. friend.

One day he pays his last visit to the Camp ; he is lying in the barrack master's hut with the window open, so that he can hear the soldiers singing in church his favourite hymn, *The Son of God goes forth to War*.

He calls it the Tug of War hymn as the men usually ' run away ' from the organ. The V.C. has promised to open the door so that the sick boy can hear the words more clearly. The hymn is being shouted lustily, but suddenly the V.C., who is joining in it at the door, stops ; he sees a man's hand pulling down the blind of the hut window.

Few can read of Leonard's death without a lump in the throat.

Mrs. Ewing was easily able to write of Aldershot for her husband was in the Commissariat and they were stationed there.



After 28 years of devoted work the foundress of The Guild of Brave Poor Things (the name was changed in 1918 to The Guild of the Handicapped to prevent misunderstanding), died, and at her memorial service the nave of Bristol Cathedral was filled by those wishing to honour her (1923). Eventually a tablet was put up on the South wall.

To Keep in Memory
Ada Vachell
Founder of the Bristol Guild of the Handicapped
A Woman made Strong by God
to give
Love to the Lonely
Valour to the Weak
Comfort to the Sorrowful

On the plaque the device of the crossed sword and crutch is prominent.

XXIV

The Bristol Governor's Daughter

What an extraordinary person was Celia Fiennes, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, sometime Governor of Bristol in the Civil War.

This remarkable woman travelled all over England exploring every county and even penetrating to Scotland and Wales. Sidesaddle on horseback, on rough roads and tracks, and often only accompanied by servants.

Anticipating Defoe by a few years she wrote detailed descriptions in her Journal and these throw light on the country as it then was.

She must have had a robust constitution and have been absolutely devoid of nerves! Celia was plain spoken and matter of fact, direct in speech and full of curiosity. She had Puritan ideals and was an incipient Whig. Above all she was a model of propriety.

Mining, manufacturing processes and drainage interested her and she liked to describe houses and their furnishings and gardens and was always pleased to visit 'Spaws'.

Born June 7th, 1662, at Newton Toney, near Salisbury, she was one of Colonel Fiennes' three daughters by his second wife, who was the daughter of a Roundhead squire named Whitehead.

The Fiennes belonged to an ancient family, the Colonel's father was the eighth Baron, and first

Viscount Say and Sele, who had been known as ' Old Subtlety '—the name explains his astuteness and craftiness.

The son (Colonel Fiennes) capitulated to Prince Rupert in July 1643 when he was Governor of Bristol in the Parliament interest. He was a large mouthed braggart who, when danger was distant, ' spoke plain cannon fire and smoke and bounce .' Some called him a ' milk livered man '. He was unmannerly as well as being cowardly.

One may recall the protests of Dorothy Hazard and Jone Batten and the threat that if his soldiers would not put up a better fight they would defend the Frome Gate themselves with woolsacks filled with earth.

Colonel Fiennes was tried and condemned to death, but he was eventually pardoned.

But to return to Celia.

She had gone to Bath in 1687 and to London and Oxford in 1693. In 1697 she undertook her first Grand Tour to the North, but the succeeding ' Great Journey ' in 1698 when she was thirty-six is the one of most interest to Bristolians.

Her earlier tours started from Wiltshire while her mother lived, but afterwards she appeared to make London, where her married sister lived, her head-quarters. Coming down to Bath from Gloucester, she goes westward to Bristol ' over Lansdown ten miles and passed thro' Kingswood and was met with a great many horses passing and returning loaden with coals dug just thereabout ; they give twelve pence a horse load which caryes two bushells ; it makes very good fires ; this is the cakeing coale.'

' Bristol,' she writes, ' lyes low in a bottom the

greatest part of the town, tho' one end of it you have a pretty rise of ground. There are nineteen parish churches beside the Cathedral, which has nothing fine or curious in it.'

Here Celia shows her lack of artistic appreciation.

Now she tells us of the buildings of the city and says they are ' pretty high, mostly of timber work ; the streetes are narrow and something darkish, because the rooms on the upper storey are more jutting out, soe contracts the streete and the light.'

The numerous almshouses are noted, particularly a fine one set up by ' Mr. Coleson '.

A vivid description is given of the river ' Aven ' and the ships and barges ' up to the key ' and their cargoes, and of the bridge built over with houses ' just as London Bridge is '.

Signs hung from the houses and sleds were used for the transport of goods.

Mention is made of the Market, the Exchange, and the ' very high and magnificent Cross built all of stone or sort of marble of the country ; it's in the manner of the Coventry Cross, a piramedy form running up of a great height with severall divisions and niches, where is King John's effigy and severall other kings . . . great part of it gilt and painted and soe terminates in a spire on the top '.

Celia then speaks of the Rope Yard and the Marsh where ' the Company of the town take diversion of walking in the evening . . . Noe remains of the Castle [Cromwell had seen to that] . . . and twelve gates to the city ; there is a very large conduit by the key finely carv'd all stone [St. John's].

A description of St. Mary Redcliffe follows and then

she reverts to the Cathedral and its eight bells and how two men are needed to ring the biggest one.

Finally she goes ' two miles to the hott spring ' and gazes at ' the great clifts and St. Vincent's Rocks'. A long account of Bristol ' diamonds ' follows, she found them ' very bright and sparkling '. Ferrying over the river she visits Ashton Court and from thence makes her way to Wookey Hole.

Though the Journal is neither polished nor literary it certainly gives facts and in spite of the almost total lack of punctuation and the poor grammar, can be read with pleasure.

Celia Fiennes made a rather complicated Will ; she lived to the age of about seventy-eight and died at Hackney in 1740.

She had certainly lived through a time of social and political revolution but it seemed to have passed over her and left her calm and unmoved.

XXV

Lady Byron and the Red Lodge

Passers by the red lodge, on looking up, will see a plaque with the following legend :

Mary Carpenter
aided by
Lady Byron
founded this
Reformatory
A.D. 1854

' Lady Byron ' are the operative words for our purpose.

Anne Isabel was the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a north country landowner. The girl had a fortune of £10,000 and there was the probability that when her uncle, Baron Wentworth, died she and her mother would come into his money.

Annabella, as she was called, was pretty, fair-skinned, and had a perfect figure ; she had a modest manner and was essentially feminine. Nevertheless, she must have had a hard streak in her, for those who did not care for her dubbed her prudish, pedantic, and frigid. Byron himself described her to her aunt, Lady Melbourne, as ' the Princess of Parallelograms '. Now Lady Melbourne, whom the poet said was ' the best, kindest, and ablest female ' he ever knew, must have been somewhat of a matchmaker and she did her best to arrange a marriage between Byron and her niece.

She had certain reasons. First, Annabella's fortune

would be helpful to the poet. Second, she thought the girl might reform his rakish tendencies, and third, if Byron was safely married it might deter her own daughter-in-law, Lady Caroline Lamb, from pursuing and waylaying him.

But ' the best laid schemes of mice and man gang aft agley '. Lady Melbourne's planning led to a disastrous marriage.

In 1812 Byron had proposed to Miss Milbanke and was refused, but the couple corresponded for two years. In a moment of impetuosity he proposed again and this time was accepted, the wedding taking place at Seaham, Co. Durham, January 2nd, 1815. Redland-born John Cam Hobhouse, later Lord Broughton, was best man and later executor and prover of Byron's Will.

The first part of the honeymoon was spent at Hanlaby and then visits to the homes of various friends were made. Eventually the pair settled at 13 Piccadilly Terrace.

On December 10th, 1816, a daughter was born, described by Byron in *Childe Harold* as 'Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart '. In later life she became the Countess of Lovelace.

Byron and his wife were incompatible and shortly afterwards Lady Byron left the house and returned to her father ; her flight caused great scandal and Byron left the country. She lived for over forty years after her separation and was a widow for thirty-six years, dying in 1860.

It has been said that frustrated and disappointed women take either to drams or prayers. Lady Byron did the latter and spent her time in good works ;

she lived to a great extent in retirement ultimately settling in Brighton. She took a great interest in the training of children and opened schools at Ealing Grove and in Leicestershire.

In Amice Lee's recently published book *The Laurel and the Rosemary*, we read of the Howitts (William and Mary). The husband was deeply interested in the same kind of education as Lady Byron and had been studying the methods of Hofvyl, a Swiss school where there was no corporal punishment, constant occupation, and regular duties.

William and Mary were introduced to her ladyship by Joanne Baillie and they were thrilled to talk with ' the benevolent, apple-cheeked lady ' who had been the wife of the wild hero of their youth. They were also thrilled to be invited to stay with the Lovelaces, and William was proud to be able to recommend a master for Lady Byron's Leicestershire school.

Now Lady Byron got in touch with Mary Carpenter, whose brother was a tutor in the Lovelace ménage. She visited Clifton in 1844 and became friendly with Miss Carpenter, her junior by fifteen years. Letters were exchanged and money and advice were given to the philanthropic spinster.

Mary Carpenter had been born in Exeter, daughter of a minister ; the family later came to Bristol and lived in Great George Street beneath the shadow of Brandon Hill.

We can read of Mary's useful life in the book by Joseph Estlin Carpenter which was published in 1879, two years after her death. Besides her charitable works in this country, Mary took a great interest in welfare for India.

She started a home for waifs—boys and girls—in Kingswood and this was a preparation for her Reformatory for Girls at the Red Lodge. The discipline was strict—over-strict perhaps—though many will think the pendulum has swung too far the other way today.

One wonders what Lady Byron, with her memories of Hofvyl—the Swiss school—would have thought of the following incident recorded in Mrs. Green-Armytage's book *Maids of Honour*.

'As an instance of her (Mary Carpenter's) perspicacity and ready wit we may relate the following anecdote—a girl at the Red Lodge had a rooted objection to laundry work and the weekly washing day was invariably the signal for a seizure of the most alarming kind. She became absolutely rigid, foaming at the mouth, and altogether in a most abnormal condition. Miss Carpenter's observant mind took cognizance of these regularly recurrent fits and in her own practical fashion she formed her conclusions and determined on the remedy required. Having sent for the doctor she saw him alone and requested him to notice the symptoms and to corroborate her proposed method of treatment. "I have been strictly investigating the methods of these fits, Doctor", she said quietly as they stood together by the bedside of the apparently unconscious girl, "I find that the most efficacious cure is the application of hot irons to the soles of the feet".

The doctor acquiesced with a profound gravity which did him infinite credit.

Turning to the nurse, Miss Carpenter said simply "Heat me that poker red hot immediately".

The prescription alone was instantaneously effective —the maiden sat up and began to speak. There were no more fits on washing days ! '

Red Lodge, built in 1590, is now a delightful museum and the Savages' Wigwam is attached, while a terra cotta statue of Recorder Wetherell stands in the pretty garden.

When Lady Byron died, she left Mary Carpenter a trunk full of letters ; she had made her her literary executor.

Sad to say most of the papers were destroyed, but there was at least one left ; it was Byron's farewell to his wife :

' Fare thee well and if forever
Still, forever, fare thee well.'

It was written on the back of an unpaid butcher's bill.

XXVI

Elizabeth Blackwell's Early Days in Bristol

Browsing in vincent stuckey lean's collectanea, I came across the well-known Jesuit maxim : ' Give me a child for the first seven years and you may do what you like with him afterwards '.

It set me thinking of the many great men and women whose childhood training had so greatly influenced their later life ; and not only training, but environment. As an example, Elizabeth Blackwell the first woman doctor, occurred to me. Her mind was moulded by her father, and by her life in Bristol, as a child.

An American encyclopædia claims her as ' an American physician '. True, she trained and qualified in the States ; but what of her formative years ? She was very much of an Englishwoman, and a Bristolian to boot.

Elizabeth's father, Samuel Blackwell, was a sugar refiner in the Counterslip. A short distance away was the ancient gabled house where the child—his third daughter—was born February 3rd, 1821.

Samuel had a strong personality which Elizabeth inherited ; he was a Whig Reformer, temperance advocate and slavery abolitionist. But what strikes one most, in connection with the education of his daughters, was his belief in equal rights for women.

His wife Hannah Lane came of a well-to-do merchant

clan. She liked colourful hangings, bright pictures and dainty ornaments, and when she introduced them to the house, Samuel—his Puritan conscience rebelling—stormed at her !

Elizabeth, being delicate, was nurtured with care ; her father called her ' Little Shy '. When she was three, the family moved to Wilson Street, St. Paul's, where there was a walled garden with shady trees and plenty of fruit and flowers, also stabling for horses.

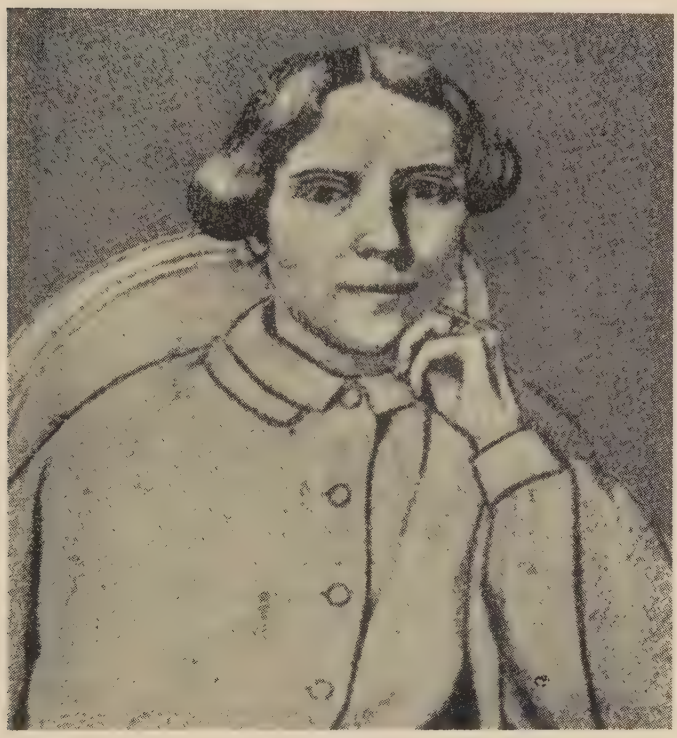
But soon a larger dwelling was needed and the family moved to Nelson Street—a fine house connected by an open court with the refinery. Mr. Blackwell would come in, in his white coat, from time to time, to listen to the children at their lessons.

Four maiden aunts lived with the family, Mary, Lucy and Anne (sweet, gentle creatures) but Aunt Barbara, the fourth, was a martinet who kept the children in order and ruled her sisters with a rod of iron. She kept a ' black book ' and the entry of a name in it meant the withdrawal of a privilege or treat !

The Blackwell children were mainly educated at home and their curriculum was ambitious—Latin, Greek, mathematics and the use of the telescope. This stood them in good stead when they kept a school later in America.

When Elizabeth was ten, Bristol riots broke out and the horror of them left a lasting impression on her. She always hated violence. The fires were terrific and the glare could be seen 40 miles away.

Mr. Blackwell sallied forth to help keep order. He and his friends were detailed to protect the Cathedral, where they linked arms and formed a human chain in front of the great oak doors.



ELIZABETH BLACKWELL

Some time after this, disaster came to Mr. Blackwell, his refinery was burnt down. The sugar and the machinery were destroyed. He was offered help but was too independent to accept.

In 1832 he emigrated to America. Perhaps the children would have a better opportunity there and he would use Napoleon's idea of growing sugar beet, and no doubt he would be able to work for the anti-slavery cause.

Poor Hannah did not like leaving England. 'Go

to a wilderness,' she protested, ' given over to Indians —a land without creature comforts and wild beasts roaming about in the forests ! '

They went in the Cosmo, a vile and dirty ship ; there were seven cholera deaths in the steerage, but eventually the Blackwells reached New York and Hannah did her best to reconstruct the Bristol setting in the new home in New York, and later in Philadelphia.

When Elizabeth was 16, her father died. The girls started a school to keep the home together until the boys were able to support the family.

Elizabeth did not care for teaching ; she was rather at a loose end when something occurred that gave her a new trend to her outlook. A friend of her mother was lying ill with a malignant disease and Elizabeth would go and sit with her to cheer her up.

One day, the patient remarked : ' If I could have been treated by a woman, my worst sufferings might have been spared.'

This gave the girl food for thought and though she was not specially attracted to the medical profession and did not much like the idea of women doctors, she decided to apply for training. To raise money for fees she taught by day, her studies being confined to the evenings.

Although she knew she would have difficulty in being accepted by a medical school, the grey-eyed, straight-browed girl with her firm mouth and determined chin made up her mind to succeed, though she acknowledged she was not a ' born doctor '.

There were many setbacks and rebuffs, but at last she was accepted at the Geneva College in New York

State. The young men students were unanimous in voting for her entry. She worked hard and at last gained her M.D. in 1849.

The rest of her career is well known. She returned to England where her reputation had travelled before her. Going to France she worked in La Maternité and there a tragedy was to overtake her.

She was attending an infant, when some liquid splashed into her left eye. Everything was done for her but the eye was lost and the other one was slightly affected. This meant giving up surgery.

A spell in Germany and then back to England and Bart's where she continued her career.

In 1859 Parliament legislated for the registration of medical practitioners and Elizabeth applied for registration and could not be refused. This acceptance made history.

The rest of this wonderful woman's life was spent in useful works and benevolence. She lived to be 89 and spent the last years of her life in Hastings at Rock House before her death in 1910.

Three years before her death she fell down the stairs at a inn where she was staying—at Kilmun in Argyleshire.

When she died she was buried near Holy Loch and her resting place is marked with a Celtic Cross inscribed with her favourite text from St. Paul :

" Love seeketh not her own."

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